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ALL IN ALL.

BY ALICE CARY.

More than we have been, my brother,
We must be to one another,
In our dark estate—
We are poor, and very lonely—
Love, and one another only,
We must work and wait.

All the green and dewy splendor—
All the blossoms, sweet and tender,
From the fields are gone—
In the woodland, in the mowing—
At the seedtime, at the ploughing—
We must work alone.

They are gone that made th' brightness—
Gone, who gave our hearts their lightness,
And while life shall last,
We no more may turn our faces
Forward to the world's high places—
Our delights are past.

We must plant bright flowers about them—
We must learn to live without them
In our dark estate,
And must henceforth be, my brother,
All in all to one another
While we work and wait.

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

> Some, indeed, have said that creeping,
> Lightly to the casement leaping,
> Slily through the window peeping,
> They a ghostly maid have seen.
> To the oaken sill she clingeth,
> And her wanlike hands she wringeth,
> Then in garments white she wingeth
> O'er the grassy plain so green. E. P. LEE.

About three miles west of Allworth Abbey, upon a commanding hight near the sea-coast, stood the Anchorage, the seat of Admiral Sir Ira Brunton. The park extended to the sea, and its western wall rose directly from the edge of the cliff, which formed a natural boundary to this extensive domain.

Immediately under this cliff nestled the little fishing village of Abbeyport, with its single street of cottages facing the sea, its small fleet of fishing-smacks drawn up to the shore, and its one humble tavern, called the Flagship, kept by Mr. Tom Tows, a retired boatswain, and patronized liberally by the kitchen cabinet of Admiral Sir Ira Brunton.

The Anchorage was a large, square, gray edifice, three stories high, with two great halls crossing each other at right angles, and dividing each floor into four separate suites of apartments.

The numerous windows of the mansion commanded from all points the most magnificent prospect perhaps to be found in the three kingdoms.

The front windows facing the west looked over the grand slope of hills towards the edge of the cliff, and down upon the picturesque village at its foot and out upon the boundless ocean.

The back, or east windows, looked inland down into the deep valley and thick woods in which was hidden the old Abbey and the dark pool which lay before it.

The north windows looked out upon a rolling country of sterile heaths, dotted here and there with an oasis in the form of a farm or a hamlet.

And lastly, the south windows looked down over a smiling landscape of wooded hills surrounding a green valley, in the midst of which lay a lovely lake, upon whose farthest bank stood the elegant villa of Edenlawn, the seat of the Honorable Mrs. Elverton.

Admiral Sir Ira Brunton, the proprietor of the Anchorage, was originally a man of the people. By talent, courage, and good fortune, he had risen from the humblest post in the navy to his present high position.

He shared, however, that too common weakness of self-made men—an exaggerated respect for hereditary rank.

At the mature age of forty, when he had attained the rank of post-captain, and was flushed with his recent success, he attempted to marry into the peerage by proposing for the hand of the titled but dowerless daughter of an earl.

But failing in this enterprise, he wedded the only child and heiress of a wealthy city banker, who brought him as her portion a half million of pounds sterling, the beauty of a Venus, and the temper of a Xantippe.

With a part of the money he bought the magnificent estate of the Anchorage, and with the lady he lived a tempestuous life of twelve years, at the end of which she stormed herself to death, leaving him as a legacy one fair daughter, ten years of age, named after her mother, Anna Eleanora.

Admiral Sir Ira—then Captain Brunton—did not again venture on the dangerous sea of matrimony, but brought home his widowed mother to take charge of the young lady, and engaged a French governess to superintend her education. But a simple-minded, old-fashioned dame, and an unprincipled French adventuress, were not exactly the best guides for a self-willed girl.

And so it happened that when Miss Anna Eleanora was about sixteen years of age, while her father was at sea, and herself with her grandmother and governess at Brighton, she accidentally formed the acquaintance of a young lieutenant of Hussars, whose regiment was stationed at the neighboring barracks. With the connivance of the French governess, who was heavily feed for the purpose, the young officer frequently met the little heiress, with whom he finally eloped to Gretna Green, where they were married.

If, instead of that romantic love which had misled both the young creatures, fortune had been the object of the lieutenant, he must have been wofully disappointed, for when the captain returned from the coast of Africa, and heard of the runaway marriage, he discarded his daughter and son-in-law, and forbade the names of either ever to be mentioned in his presence.

As the commands of Captain Brunton were as absolute as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the name of his only child and her young husband dropped from conversation and from memory, and thus their offence, and even their very existence, became an old and forgotten story.

The captain rose from post to post in the navy, until, finally, at the advanced age of seventy-five, he retired from active service with the well-earned rank of an admiral and the well-merited title of a baronet.

His household at this late period of his life was a very remarkable illustration of family longevity.

It consisted of his grandmother, a hale old dame of one hundred and eight years; his mother, a healthy old woman of ninety-two; himself, a hearty veteran of seventy-five; and his grand-nephew and adopted heir, Midshipman Valerius Brightwell, a young gentleman of nineteen.

The antique grandmother of this strong family was commonly called "old mistress," "the old madam," or "old Mrs. Stilton." The ancient mother was termed "young mistress," "the young madam," or, "young Mrs. Brunton." The veteran admiral was denominated by his venerable ancestresses "that thoughtless boy," and by the household, "the young master." And the midshipman was called by the old ladies, "the dear baby," by the admiral, "the lad," and by the servants, "little Master Vally."

At the venerable age of seventy-five, with an emaciated form, a withered face, and a grey head, the veteran did not even suspect that he was growing old, far less know that he was really an aged man, who had already exceeded the average duration of a human life.

The truth was that the existence and the vigorous health of the two ancient ladies, his mother and his grandmother, kept the admiral in his prime. How could any man feel old, while his mother and his grandmother still lived in a green old age—and while they still thought of him and spoke of him as a gay young man, who had not yet sowed all his wild oats, but who required the constant supervision and guidance of his elders to keep him out of temptation and danger?

And thus, while the whole family honestly united in keeping up this delusion, could the admiral be blamed for sharing it?

Among the domestic servants of the Anchorage two deserve mention—Mr. Jessup late of Her Majesty's Service, now in that of Admiral Sir Ira Brunton, to whom he filled the relation of confidential attendant, and Mistress Barbara Broadsides, the housekeeper.

Jessup was tall, thin, pale-faced, and grey-haired in person, and narrow, prejudiced, and authoritative in mind.

Mrs. Broadsides was short, fat, rosy, and fair-haired in person; and liberal, merciful, and yielding in disposition. As might be expected, there was a strong attraction of antagonism between these two opposite natures that led to a matrimonial engagement that was to be consummated after the death of the admiral and his mother and grandmother; but as the sibyls and their descendant had fallen into "a confirmed malady of living on for ever," Jessup and Mrs. Broadsides were growing old as betrothed lovers.

Such, with the necessary number of men and maid servants, was the household of Admiral Sir Ira Brunton at the time he invited the Italian princess to honor his mansion with her presence.

The admiral had gallantly given up his coach for the accommodation of the princess and her attendant, while he himself escorted them on horseback.

It was a lovely summer afternoon, and when they emerged from the dark, wooded vale, and ascended the high grounds lying between it and the sea-coast, nothing could be more animated than the sudden change of scene from deep shadow and circumscribed view to open sunshine and a boundless landscape. The princess and her attendant enjoyed it exceedingly, and despite all adverse circumstances, felt their spirits rise accordingly.

The admiral frequently rode up to the side of the carriage to point out some object of interest in the landscape, such as the bright little lake, Eden, lying like a clear mirror in the bosom of its green valley, and reflecting in its deep waters its lovely, embracing hills, and its crowning villa of Edenlawn.

And upon these occasions the admiral ever addressed his illustrious guest with the profoundest respect as "your highness," until at length the princess, with a sweet and mournful look and tone, said:

"Do not mock me with that title, best friend. I am a widow and a fugitive, dependent on your bounty for the roof that shelters my head and the bread that maintains my life. Do not mock me, therefore, with any titles of honor. I am poor Gentilescha Pezzilini; no more than that. I do not even permit my servants to address me by any other title than the simple one of madame, that a matron of any rank may bear."

"Madame, I am the humblest of your servants, and must obey you," said the admiral, bowing deeply as he fell behind the carriage.

"A deused fine woman! I'm glad that she is a widow, and a fugitive, and the rest of it. I wonder—humph—" thought the admiral, falling into a day-dream, in which the fair person of Madame Pezzilini formed the principal figure.

Clearly "that thoughtless boy" was in danger of forming an indiscreet attachment!

While they passed slowly over the beautiful downs, the bright sky became gradually overcast, and low mutterings of thunder reverberated around the horizon.

Once more the admiral approached the carriage-window to say:

"We shall have a storm, madame. Shall I order your coachman to drive faster?"

"Certainly, Sir Ira. I only desired to be driven slowly that we might enjoy the lovely afternoon, but since it grows dark and stormy, let us get on by all means, especially as you are exposed to the weather. Had you not better get into the carriage, and let my servant Antonio take your horse?" inquired the princess.

"I thank you, madame; and should the storm really overtake us, I will gladly avail myself of your permission to do so; but I hope that we shall get under shelter before it breaks upon us," replied the admiral; and then calling to the coachman, "Drive like the deuse, Ned," he again fell behind.

The sky grew darker and darker, the thunder rolled louder and nearer, and though Ned really drove his horses as if the Evil One were in chase of him, he had only made the half circuit of the park wall, and turned into the circular avenue of elms leading to the house, before the black, overhanging canopy of clouds was suddenly broken by a blinding flash of lightning, followed by a stunning crash of thunder and falling deluge of rain.

The admiral spurred his steed, the coachman whipped his horses, and in two minutes they reached the house. The admiral sprang from his horse, assisted the princess to alight from the carriage, and led her into the house, just in time to escape another flash of lightning, peal of thunder, and whirl of rain.

They were met by the two old ladies, who had come out into the hall to do honor to their guest. They were two fine old dames, tall, thin, fair-faced, and grey-haired like their descendant, the admiral. They were both dressed similarly in black satin gowns with white muslin neckerchiefs, and white lace caps; and looked very much alike, except that the elder had more flesh and less hair than the younger. They stood smiling and courtesying with pleasing, old-fashioned affability.

"Madame Pezzilini," said the admiral, with formal courtesy, "will your highness permit me to present to you my grandmother, Mrs. Stilton, and my mother, Mrs. Brunton, who both feel highly honored to receive you?"

"That we do," said the elder.

"Yes, I'm sure," added the other.

"Ladies, kind friends," said the Italian, "you see before you no princess, but a poor widow, a stranger and a fugitive, who seeks only a temporary asylum under your hospitable roof."

"You are kindly welcome, Madame, either as one or the other," said Mrs. Stilton, heartily, offering her hand.

"Ah, that indeed you are!" chimed in Mrs. Brunton, extending hers.

The princess received and pressed those venerable hands, and was about to express her thanks, when a broad glare of lightning, accompanied by a deafening roll of thunder, and a shock of wind and rain that seemed to shake the house, made them spring apart. The effect of this burst of the tempest was felt with the more force from the fact that all the window-shutters were still open.

"Good gracious, Iry!" said the oldest lady, as soon as she had recovered from the shock; "surely you'll have the shutters closed on such an awful night as this?"

"No, ma'am, not this night of all nights in the year. The harder the storm the greater the need of a beacon-light to guide any wayfaring traveller to the house," said the admiral, decidedly.

Then turning to the princess, he added:

"Madame, I have a custom of which I hope you will not disapprove; it is to leave my window-shutters open every night up to the latest hour of retiring, so that the lights may shine far out over the downs, to guide any weary and benighted traveller to one house, at least, where he is sure to find welcome and succor. And especially on tempestuous nights, I light up the whole house from top to bottom, to invite any poor, storm-beaten wayfarer to its shelter. I hope you approve of the custom?'

"I think it a grand and beautiful instance of benevolence!" said the princess in a fervent tone.

"I am rewarded," replied the admiral, "that is, if I had deserved reward; but the fact is, that in doing this, I only pay a debt. Providence having guided me through a very stormy existence into this safe port at last, the least I can do is to open the harbor freely to all other tempest-tost barques. That is the reason I call it the Anchorage; for any storm-driven craft is free to enter and drop anchor here."

"It is nobly said——" began the princess; but the words were interrupted by another burst of the tempest that rattled all the windows, and seemed to shake the firm building to its foundation.

"Iry, I must say that you are clean mad! Every pane of glass in the house will be shattered, and cost no end of money to replace, besides the inconvenience!" cried Mrs. Stilton, as soon as she could recover her breath after the last shaking.

"No danger, grandmother; these old windows have stood harder storms than this," replied the admiral, laughing.

Then turning to the princess, he said, in a low voice:

Madame Pezzilini, my grandmother and mother are old-fashioned dames, and so I hope that you will make allowance for their ways."

The quick ears of the old lady caught this disparaging apology, and she was prompt to reply.

"Don't you mind that boy, madame; like all young people, he thinks himself wiser than his elders; but time will teach him better, and show him that old-fashioned ways are the best ways after all."

The princes opened her large blue eyes in astonishment at hearing this grey-haired veteran spoken of as an inexperienced youth, but remembering that it was his grandmother who spoke thus, she merely bowed and smiled in reply—the bow and smile being, in this case, a non-committal answer.

"And now, my dear grandmother, old fashions and new fashions both agree in suggesting that Madame Pezzilini be shown to her apartment before tea," said the admiral.

"Certainly, certainly! I beg your pardon, madame, but the thunder and the lightning and the wind do so confuse my poor head. Oh!" she exclaimed, as another burst of the tempest shook the house.

When the deafening noise subsided, the old lady turned, and said:

"Come here, Broadsides, and show this lady and her maid to the suite of rooms on the second floor front, right side. And when you have made her comfortable, show her into the drawing-room to the tea-table—the Lord have mercy upon us!"

This latter exclamation was called forth by a terrible glare of lightning that filled the whole house like a conflagration, accompanied by a rolling, crashing, stunning peal of thunder, and a rushing shock of wind that seemed about to batter down the walls over their heads. It was some minutes before this furious blast subsided.

And then Mrs. Broadsides, who had been waiting behind her old mistress, came forward, courtesied, and led the way up the grand staircase to the splendid suite of apartments that had been fitted up for the reception of the illustrious Italian.

Jessup at the same moment advanced from some obscure retreat where he had been lurking, took possession of his master, and marshalled him off to his chamber to change his wet riding-coat for a dry evening dress.

And the two old ladies retreated to the drawing-room to await the return of the admiral and his guest.

When they were seated side by side in their comfortable arm-chairs on the right of the fireplace:

"What do you think of her, Abby, my dear?" said the antique lady to the ancient one.

"I think she is a very charming woman, and I pity her misfortunes."

"And so do I. But see here, Abby, my dear, you must really look after that boy of yours, or he will be making love to this Italian lady."

"Yes, mother; I see that."

"And you know, Abby, that you would not like the lad to marry a foreigner."

"No, mother."

"So, though we must be as kind as possible to this unfortunate princess, whose story reminds me of all the fairy tales I ever read in my life, *still* we must keep an eye on that boy, and see that he does not make a fool of himself, Abby."

"Certainly, mother—Lord bless our souls!" she broke off, as their conversation was again interrupted by another rapid onslaught of the tempest that cannonaded the walls as if it did not mean to leave one stone upon another.

The two old ladies sat crushed in a silence of deep awe for nearly an hour, until the furious storm had raged itself into a temporary rest. Then Mrs. Stilton spoke:

"I do not know how anybody can have the spirits to drink tea on such a night as this, but I suppose it will be wanted all the same; for Iry never turns aside from his way for any storm that ever falls, and as for the princess, she looks like just such another. So, Abby, child, you may ring for the tea."

Mrs. Brunton, who sat nearest the chimney-corner bell-pull, complied, and the tea-service was brought in and arranged upon the table.

And soon after they were joined by the admiral, who, "despite the storm that howled along the sky," had made a very careful evening toilet, and by his nephew, Midshipman Valerius Brightwell, a fine, tall, dark-haired young man, who, when not on active service, was at home at the Anchorage.

These had scarcely taken their seats when the door opened, and the Princess Pezzilini entered, her golden hair and fair face radiant in contrast to the rich black velvet dress that was her usual costume.

Way was immediately made for her, the young midshipman was presented in due form, and the whole party sat down to tea.

The storm had spent its fury, and now only revived at intervals in inoffensive blasts of wind, faint flashes of lightning, and low mutterings of thunder.

And the conversation at the tea-table became animated, even upon a gloomy subject.

They talked of the tragedy at Allworth Abbey, and of the flight of Eudora.

Opinion was divided upon the subject of the accused's girl's guilt or innocence.

The two old ladies and the admiral agreed in pronouncing the evidence against her to be too convicting to admit a doubt upon the subject.

The young midshipman, who had seen Miss Leaton several times at church, and judging as a young man will by the face, declared his absolute faith in her innocence, in despite of all the testimony that might be brought against her.

The Princess Pezzilini held a neutral position between the controversialists, affirming that the whole affair seemed to her a horrible mystery, to which she could find no clue.

We will leave the drawing-room circle canvassing this question, and look into the housekeeper's room upon another party, with whom we have a little business.

CHAPTER XIII.

> Through the lighted window prying,
> Softly on the bright pane sighing,
> Then in sudden panic flying,
> Through the untrodden gloom,
> To the dark oak-tree she cometh,
> Round its trunk she wildly roameth,
> Shuddering as the dark stream foameth,
> There she waits her coming doom. E. P. LEE.

It was a medium-sized, comfortable apartment, well-carpeted and well-curtained, with its back windows looking out upon the shrubberies in the rear of the mansion.

A well-spread supper-table stood in the middle of the floor, and around it were gathered Mrs. Broadsides, Mr. Jessup, Miss Tabs, and Mr. Antonio, who were the housekeeper's guests for the evening. Their conversation, like that of their superiors, had turned upon the late tragic events at Allworth.

Here, also opinion was divided upon the subject of the supposed criminal—Mrs. Broadsides, Jessup, and Mr. Antonio loudly declaring their

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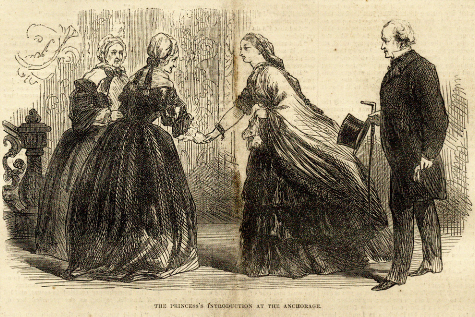

THE PRINCESS'S INTRODUCTION AT THE ANCHORAGE.

belief in the guilt of Eudora, and Miss Tabs stoutly asserting her faith in her innocence.

But through the whole of this conversation, it was observed that at intervals Mrs. Broadsides, who sat at the head of the table opposite the window, would often start, stare, and bless herself, while Jessup, who sat at the foot, would twist his head over his shoulder as though he saw a spectre behind him.

Politeness deterred Miss Tabs and Mr. Antonio from taking any notice of these strange manifestations.

At length Jessup, after giving his own neck a most dangerous wring, and getting no satisfaction for his pains, spoke out, saying:

"Mrs. Broadsides, I would be obliged to you, ma'am, if you would tell me what it is that you see out of that window, for shiver my timbers if I can see anything but black darkness."

"Jessup, don't ask me! that's a good soul! it's nothing earthly as I see," answered the woman, in a hushed tone of awe.

"What is it, then? I insist upon knowing."

"Don't, Jessup! it's nothing earthly, I tell you, and I don't like to speak of it. Lord bless my soul, there it is again!" exclaimed the woman, in a suppressed tone of horror.

"What? where? I see nothing!" said Mr. Jessup, wringing around his neck until his face was nearly between his shoulders.

"It's wanished!' whispered the housekeeper, without withdrawing her gaze from the window, while Mr. Antonio and Miss Tabs stared in amazement, and Mr. Jessup regarded her with incredulous indignation, saying, at length:

"Can't you tell what you saw, then, if you saw anything but of your own imagination?"

"'Twas no 'magination of mine, Jerry Jessup; if you must and will know what I have seen, I'll tell. Since I have been sitting here at this table, I have seen a pale, ghostly female figure flit past that window three times!"

Every one glanced shudderingly at the window except Jessup, who contemptuously exclaimed:

"It was only your own fancy, Mrs. Broadsides!"

The housekeeper shook her head ominously.

"It's all along o' leaving the shutters open. It's awful ghostly to have the night peeping in at you through the glass. I always imagine that I see something at such time. Why don't you close the shutters?" suggested Miss Tabs.

"Because of a whim of master's to keep all the windows open till bed-time, most especially on stormy nights, when they may serve for beacons to guide the belated traveler to the shelter of this roof. Lord bless the admiral and mend his ways, so kind to all the world, so cruel to his own dear darter," sighed Mrs. Broadsides.

"His daughter?" echoed Mr. Antonio.

"Yes, his darter, my young missus, as run off with a young lieutenant in a marching regiment, and married him all for love. She went 'long of him everywhere, and may have died of the fever in the Crimea, or been massacred in India, for aught we've heard of her since her marriage; for it's as much as any one's life's worth to mention her name in master's presence."

"And is he so hard all these years that he won't make friends with her?"

"Make friends with her? You don't know him. He won't even hear her name," put in Jerry Jessup.

"Wish I was his wally-de-sham. I'd ding it into his ears morning, noon and night. I'd bring it up with his hot water and lay it down with his slippers, and put it on with his night cap every day of his life," said Miss Tabs, valiantly.

"No you wouldn't, for the very first time you tried it, you'd get pitched out of the window or down the stairs, and have your neck broken. Heaven save me, there it is again!" cried the woman, breaking off in terror.

All looked towards the window. Jessup wrung his neck around nearly to the point of dislocation, exclaiming:

"Where now? I tell you there's nothing there. It's all your own nerves. Mrs. Broadsides, ma'am, you want a dose of assafidditty."

"It's gone again!" whispered the woman.

"It never was!" snapped Mr. Jessup, impatiently.

"Yes, it was. And I know *what* it was. It was a Banshee come to warn me of my own death, or my master's, or my old missusses."

"Stuff and nonsense."

"It isn't stuff, and it isn't nonsense. It is a Banshee, if ever one appeared to mortal eyes!"

"Yes, *if* ever one appeared," sneered Mr. Jessup.

"But I have heard of the Banshee, myself," said Miss Tabs, coming to the assistance of the housekeeper.

"To be sure you have, my dear. Who in this country-side has not heard of the Banshee that appeared to the Honorable Mrs. Elverton, of Edenlawn? How Mr. Elverton was on the Continent, where he had been a many months, and Mrs. Elverton was at Edenlawn, sitting up late at night, reading in her dressing-room. The night was fine, and the curtains were undrawn, when all of a suddent she heard a low, moaning, unearthly voice outside the window, and looking up, she saw a female figure in flowing white raiment float past the window as if it were swimming in the air, and heard it wail forth the words—'*Hollis Elverton is no more!*' as it disappeared. Well, the lady got up and made a note of the day and the hour; and sure enough, a fortnight after that, she heard of the death of her husband at St. Petersburg, and he died the very day and hour at which she had seen the Banshee! There! what do you make of *that?*" inquired the housekeeper, triumphantly.

"Why, as the Honorable Mrs. Elverton was just as hysterical as you be," said Mr. Jessup, doggedly.

"But then her husband actually died at St. Petersburg at the very day and hour that the Banshee appeared to her at Edenlawn. How do you account for that?"

"Just happened so, that's all."

"You're as unbelieving as Thomas——Oh, Lord have mercy upon us! Look there; there it is again! and no Banshee neither, but the spirit of my young mistress, with her very face and form, only looking as if she had risen from the grave. Look, look, oh!" cried the woman, covering her face with her hands, and shaking with terror.

Again all looked fearfully towards the window.

Jessup wrung his neck nearly in two in the effort to look behind his back; and upon this occasion perseverance was rewarded. Pressed against the outside of the window, they all saw a fair, wan young face, that sank out of sight the instant after it was detected.

"That's neither a Banshee nor a spirit; it's a mortal girl!" exclaimed Jessup, springing up, overturning his chair, and rushing out of the room.

The remainder of the party held their breaths in suspense until Jessup pushed open the door and reappeared, dragging after him the pale, weary, half-starved, dripping wet figure of a young girl, whom he pulled up before the astonished housekeeper, saying, mockingly:

"There—there's your Banshee! A girl as has been caught out in the storm, and was frightened at ringing the door-bell at such a great house as this."

"The very form, the very face! I never, no, I never *did* see such a likeness; the express image of my young missus, only thinner, and paler, and smaller. Come to the fire, my lass. What is your name, and how came you out in the storm? You are not one of the village girls?" inquired the housekeeper, drawing the chilled stranger to the bright little coal fire that the dampness of the evening made very comfortable even at this season.

Then seeing in the glare of the light that the girl was wet to the skin, she exclaimed:

"Oh, deary me; you haven't a dry thread on you! You must have been out in the whole storm; come into my chamber and get a suit of dry clothes on your back, and then you shall have some hot supper before you answer any of my questions."

And taking the young stranger by the hand, the good housekeeper conducted her into an adjoining room.

They were gone about fifteen minutes, at the end of which Mrs. Broadsides returned, leading her *protégée*, who was now comfortably clad in a black silk dress, that looked as if it had been made for her.

"Dear me, how well that fits," said Miss Tabs.

"Yes, it was my young missus's. She left the most of her clothes here, poor child, when she went away, and I have taken care of them ever since. And now, if you want to know what my darling looked like, just look at this young gal; for there never was two peas so much alike as Miss Anna Eleanora and this young gal, only that this one looks like the ghost of the other. And now, my child, sit down at the corner of the table here by the fire, and have some of this curried chicken, while we make you a glass of warm port-wine negus; and no one shall trouble you with any questions until you have done supper," said the good housekeeper, settling her *protégée* in the most comfortable seat.

Another fifteen minutes sufficed to satisfy the appetite of the stranger, who was thereupon required to gratify the curiosity of her entertainers.

"And now, my lass, tell us all about yourself. You are not of this country-side, I suppose?" said Mrs. Broadsides, when they had gathered around the fire.

"No, ma'am. I came from London this morning by rail as far as the station, and then I set off to walk."

"But where were you going, my child, when you were caught in the storm?"

"To Allworth Abbey, ma'am."

"To Allworth Abbey!" exclaimed Mrs. Broadsides and Miss Tabs in a breath.

"Yes," said the girl, looking up with surprise at the manner in which they had received her communication.

But this was no time to explain by introducing the tragedy of Allworth Abbey. The curious women were for once more eager to hear than tell news, and so Mrs. Broadsides inquired:

"And whatever could have been taking you to Allworth Abbey of all the places in the world, my poor dear?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you as you are so good to me. I am an orphan; my mother died when I was an infant, and my poor father died a few days ago in his lodgings in London, leaving me quite destitute. So the parish officers talked of sending me to the union, or binding me apprentice to a mistress. I couldn't bear the thoughts of either, so I ran away, travelling by rail as long as my money lasted, and then setting out to walk."

"But why to Allworth Abbey?"

"Because my poor mother had a foster-sister living at service there, who, I thought, might be kind to me."

"What—what was her name?" inquired Miss Tabs.

"Tabitha Tabs. I remember it well."

"Why, that was *my* name; but my mother never had but one nurse-child, and that was Miss Anna Eleanora Brunton. Oh, my goodness, Mrs. Broadsides, can—can—can it be as this is her darter?" exclaimed Miss Tabs, breathlessly.

"What is your name, young girl?" exclaimed the housekeeper, in an agitated voice, grasping the arm and gazing eagerly into the face of the stranger.

"Annella Wilder——Oh—h! don't squeeze my arm so tightly; you'll break the bone!" said the girl, shrinking from such a very pressing proof of regard.

"Annella Wilder! Annella was the pet name we used to call my darling by, being the short for Anna—Eleanora; and Wilder was the name of the young fellow as bolted with her. And you as like her as one pea-pod is to another, and as sure as fate you are my poor darling's child. You are! you are! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! oh!" cried the housekeeper, catching the girl to her bosom, and sobbing and weeping over her.

"And so my darling is dead! Died when you were an infant, you say? And her young husband, your father, did he ever forget her who gave up so much for his sake? Did he ever put another woman in her place?" cried the affectionate creature, still holding the girl to her bosom.

"Never; he devoted himself to her memory—he mourned her as long as he lived."

"Then how was it, my child, that you were left so destitute?"

"Oh, my father was unfortunate—he was obliged to sell out—and—he became more and more unfortunate until he died—in destitution—and—do not ask me any more," said Annella, hesitatingly and bursting into tears.

"I understand; I understand; that word 'unfortunate' means a great deal, whether it is applied to man or woman. But there! don't cry any more, my dear. Better fortune is in store for you, I hope; for surely the admiral will never visit the offences of the parents upon the child. There, don't cry any more, you are all right now you are here," said the woman, wiping the tears from Annella's eyes and re-seating her in her chair.

"But tell me who you are who take so kind an interest in my mother and myself, and what place this is where I feel so much at home?" said Annella.

"Who am I, and what place is this? Why, my dear, is it possible that you do not know where you are?"

"No more than the dead."

"Did ever anyone hear the like! And how did it happen that you came here, then?"

"As I told you before, I was trying to find Allworth Abbey when I was overtaken by the night and the storm, and while I was wandering about like a lost child, I saw the lights of this house shine from afar and they guided me to it."

"Well, Lord bless the admiral's lights, for they've done some good at last in guiding his own grand-daughter home!" said Mrs. Broadsides, fervently.

"Ma'am?" exclaimed Annella, opening her grey eyes in astonishment.

"Now, is it credible that you don't yet know as you're at the Achorage, the seat of your grandfather, Admiral Sir Ira Brunton?"

"And is it possible that I am in the house of my grandfather—my stern and terrible grandfather, who hated and discarded my father and my mother?" exclaimed Annella, in dismay.

"Yes, my dear, but he will not hate them any longer; he must not hate the dead, you know; and he *must* love the living; and he shall acknowledge you as his grand-daughter and sole heiress, and take you to his heart, or else turn me out of his house," said the woman, stoutly.

"And me, too; which I don't think he be likely to do for a trifling difference of opinion," said Mr. Jessup.

"And me!" said Miss Tabs, valiantly.

And so likewise said Mr. Antonio.

Annella remained in one maze of astonishment.

A question now arose as to whether it would be better to let the admiral know at once of the arrival of his grand-daughter, or to defer the announcement until the morning.

Mrs. Broadsides, who, with all her assumed heroism, was really very timid, felt inclined to postpone the threatening hour as long as possible.

Miss Tabs agreed with her, especially as the admiral was now engaged with company.

But Mr. Jessup said the matter ought to be referred to Miss Annella herself, and he was supported in his opinion by Mr. Antonio. And the matter was referred accordingly.

"Since I am in my grandfather's house, of all others in the world, I am not going to stay one hour without his knowledge and consent," said Annella.

"And the girl is right," said Mr. Jessup, emphatically.

"Then I hope you'll go and denounce her yourself, Jerry Jessup, as you're so bold about it," exclaimed Mrs. Broadsides.

"And that I'll do this minute, too," said Jerry, rising.

"And mind, however master may receive the news, it may be as well to let him know that out of this house she doesn't go this night without my going too!"

"Hush, hush, woman; don't cry out till you're hit. Wait till I come back," said Jerry, leaving the room.

The admiral was still in the drawing-room with his grandmother, his mother, the Princess Pezzilini, and the young midshipman. The whole party had finished tea, and were gathered near the fire, still engaged in discussing the tragedy at Allworth Abbey, when the door opened, and Mr. Jessup made his appearance.

"Well, Jerry?" inquired the admiral, looking up.

Mr. Jessup gave the naval salute to his superior officer, and answered:

"If you please, your honor, I spied a small craft to windward, making signals of distress."

"Well?"

"I put out after her, your honor, and found her beating about in the storm, though well nigh water-logged and ready to go down."

"And what then?"

"I overhauled her, your honor, took possession, and towed her into port."

"And what now?"

"Please, your honor, I have come to report and take orders about her."

"What sort of a craft is she?"

"Please, your honor, a small craft, tight-built, trim-rigged, fast sailing in favorable weather, I should think, though now rather the worse for the wear and tear of winds and waves."

"Well, haul her up along side, and let's have a look at her," commanded the admiral.

"Ay, ay, sir!" said Jerry, hastening to obey.

"Whatever does he mean? I never can understand that man, any more than if he spoke in Hebrew," said Mrs. Brunton.

"Hang the fellow! he always mistakes the drawing-room for the quarter-deck," said the admiral, laughing. "He means that a young person has been caught out by the storm, and driven in here for shelter."

"But you will never bring a stranger into this room, Iry?"

"Certainly, if Madame Pezzilini has no objection."

"Oh, certainly not," replied the princess, with a suave courtesy.

"Then we will see what she is like, and perhaps turn her over to the care of Mrs. Broadsides," concluded the veteran.

At this moment the door opened, and Jerry hove into sight, towing in his prize, which he announced as—

"The Annella Wilder, London, your honor."

The admiral did not hear the name distinctly, but fixed his eyes upon the young girl, who was steadily advancing towards him. And as she drew nearer, his eyes dilated in astonishment, until, when she stood before him, he gazed upon her in a panic of consternation, for it seemed to him that his long-lost daughter was in his presence.

For a minute that seemed an age, the old man and little maiden regarded each other in silence, while all the other members of the party looked on in surprise, and then the admiral broke forth:

"Anna; my Lord, is it possible? I heard that you were dead long ago, child—you and your infant daughter together. Where do you come from? You look, indeed, as if it were from the grave! Why do you come here now? Is it to reproach me?"

"Grandfather," said the young girl, sadly but fearlessly, "the Anna whom you invoke is not here to offend you with her presence. She could not come if she would, she would not, perhaps, if she could; fifteen years ago she went with her broken heart to heaven. And I, her daughter, standing here before you, came here not willingly or wittingly. The storm without drove me, the lights within drew me here, not knowing where I came. And now I am ready to depart, not caring where I go."

During this short interview, the two old ladies had risen from their seats, and drawn near with looks of deep interest. The elder spoke:

"Oh, Iry, she is poor Anna's child! You will never let her go! She is my great-great-grandchild; only think of that, Iry! She *shall* not go, or, if she does, I'll go forth, with my century of years, and beg with her!"

"Peace, peace, grandmother, be easy," replied the admiral.

Then turning again to Annella, he said, sternly:

"Your father?"

"Is in his grave," answered the girl.

"Thank Heaven for that!" were the words that rose to the lips of the veteran; but a glance at the face of his grand-daughter repressed their utterance.

"When did he die?" he asked.

"On Thursday last," she answered.

"Why did he not write to me in all these years?"

"Grandfather, if he had been happy and prosperous, he would have written; but he was the reverse of all this, and he would not write."

"But *my* blood ran in *his* child's veins! and if he was unhappy and unsuccessful, he should have written to me! I am not flint!"

"Grandfather, he was unhappy only in the loss of her whom your unkindness hurried to the grave. And any help from your relenting hand, that came too late for her relief, came much too late for his acceptance! Grandfather, he loved your daughter too truly to enjoy a benefit that she could not share."

The admiral groaned in the spirit, but did not reply. After a few minutes of silence, during which all the other members of the circle looked on in painful suspense, he inquired:

"How came you out wandering alone in this remote country, so far from the scene of your father's death? Had he no friends to look after his orphan child?"

"Grandfather, it is a very long story; but I will tell you if you would like to hear it."

"Yes, but sit down; sit down there in the little chair beside Madame Pezzilini. And now go on," said the admiral, throwing himself into his own elbow-chair.

Annella commenced, and gave a short history of her life in the camp with her father; dwelling on his services in the Crimean war and the Indian insurrection, glancing slightly at the circumstance that drove him to sell his commission, and suppressing altogether the fact of that fatal habit that caused his ruin.

But notwithstanding the delicacy with which she treated her father's memory, the experienced veteran understood it all.

Annella suppressed also the incident of the pauper funeral; but dwelt fondly upon the benevolence of her landlady, and especially on that of the beautiful, foreign-looking lodger, who had arrived in London only the day before, and who seemed to have so deep a sorrow of her own.

Something in the manner of the girl in describing her lovely benefactress attracted the particular attention of the Princess Pezzilini, who began with much interest to question the young girl.

"When did you say this young lady reached London?"

"On the morning of Wednesday."

"How was she dressed?"

"In deep mourning."

"Will you describe her personal appearance?"

"Oh, yes; she was so beautiful it would be a real pleasure to do so. She was rather small and slender, but not thin. She had a clear, olive complexion, with full, pouting, crimson lips, and large, soft, dark eyes, shaded with long black eyelashes, and arched with slender, jet-black eyebrows, and her hair was black as jet, and curled in long spiral ringlets all around her head."

"Had she a little black mole over her right eye?"

"Yes; and another at the left corner of her mouth; they were both very pretty."

"It is Eudora Leaton!" said the princess, addressing the admiral.

"There is no doubt of it, and I shall give information to the police to-morrow," replied the latter.

"Sir?" inquired Annella, looking uneasily, she scarcely knew why, towards her grandfather.

"Nothing, my dear, only we think the young lady you mention is an acquaintance of ours. And now, my dear, your looks betray so much weariness, that I must order you off to bed. Grandmother, will you touch the bell?"

Mrs. Stilton complied; and Mr. Jessup made his appearance.

"Send Broadsides here, Jerry," said Mrs. Brunton.

The housekeeper obeyed the summons.

"Broadsides, show Miss Wilder into the suite of rooms formerly occupied by her mother; and look out to-morrow for a discreet person to attend her as lady's-maid," said Mrs. Brunton.

The housekeeper curtsied in assent, and led off Annella, saying, as she preceded her up stairs:

"I told you, my dear, that when you found yourself here you were all right, and you see now that I spoke the truth, for you *are all right!*"

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

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THE OLD MAN'S SACRIFICE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

"You never loved me, Maria, you never will love me! The dream is over, and I resign myself to my fate!" So spoke Matthew Ward sadly, and his wife replied:

"Why should you complain, Mr. Ward? Have you ever asked me for my love? I remember well that you urged our marriage on totally different grounds, and told me you neither expected nor asked me to love you."

"Ah, Maria, will you never cease your taunts?" exclaimed Matthew Ward. "What perversity is it that leads you always to refer to that time when I thought only of saving my old friend, and to have gained the right to save him would have married his daughter had she been a Gorgon, instead of a pretty child not old enough to love, or to inspire love?"

"How can you call it perversity, Mr. Ward?" the young wife gaily answered. "Our marriage was a bargain, as you well know, and I see no wrong in referring to the conditions of the contract, when, having fulfilled them all on my own part, I am persecuted because I am not ready to do still more—more than you then wished me to do."

"'Persecuted,' Maria!" said Mr. Ward, mournfully. "Is it thus you characterize the irrepressible longings for a return of my love that I sometimes express?" A succession of gay little nods answered him, and he went on: "I will not again annoy you, then. No, Maria; if my love is so distasteful in its expressions, the 'persecution' shall cease here and now. Good-bye, my darling. Give me one kiss—it shall be the last. But, remember, whatever happens, I desire nothing so much as your happiness."

She gave the kiss with careless grace, then turned away beating the air of the tune, she was humming, upon the window-pane, and never noticed the deep, mournful gaze that her husband fixed upon her. He stood for a moment as if waiting for a reply, then turned and slowly left the room. The outer door clanged, and Mrs. Ward saw him descend the steps with slow movement, and with lingering steps go along the street. Once or twice he paused and looked back, but soon went on and disappeared around the distant corner.

That evening the dinner waited long, and at length, just as Mrs. Ward was about to take her place alone at the table, a note from her husband was brought her, announcing that he had been suddenly called to leave town, and that the period of his return was indefinite.

Surprised, but not anxious nor curious, for she had quite forgotten the conversation of the morning, the lady partook her solitary meal without diminution of appetite, and without a thought to mar her enjoyment, beyond a slight loneliness. She had never known anything of her husband's business, and readily accepted his explanation of an absence somewhat extraordinary, as Mr. Ward seldom left his home, to which, as well as to his young wife, he was devotedly attached.

But even she, with all her real indifference, became anxious, as day after day passed, bringing her no tidings of the absent man. Whenever he had, previously, been obliged to leave home, each day had brought her messages of love that showed his continual and thoughtful care for her happiness. But now all was a dead blank, and the days lengthened into weeks, till a month had elapsed.

Then it was deemed necessary to make search among his private papers. On the day when this course had been decided upon in a consultation of family friends, with Mr. Ward's partner and lawyer, arrived the first tidings of the absent. A letter without date or address, but bearing the post-mark of a seaport town, reached the lawyer. It was signed Matthew Ward in the well known handwriting, and merely contained direction to the place of deposit of certain papers relating to the disposal of his business affairs, with the addition of an intimation that he should probably be long absent.

By these papers, executed upon the very day he left home, his wife was put in personal possession of his town and country mansions, certain stocks and bank accounts were transferred to her name, and his business partner authorized to transact business for her benefit. It was evident that Mr. Ward had made all these arrangements for her comfort, in view of a protracted absence.

From that day he seemed to disappear from human sight. From the clue gained by the post-mark of his letter, diligent inquiries were made at that and other seaports, but nowhere could it be ascertained that the missing man had taken passage for any foreign shore. And thus years passed, and when the hopeless search had long been discontinued, Matthew Ward seemed to have utterly disappeared. Only the memory of him remained in a few hearts of friends, otherwise he was as one dead.

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The years wore on, and Maria Ward was a middle-aged woman. She had been beautiful in her youth, but there was something grand and noble in her aspect now. Sorrow scathes and destroys, or it strengthens and purifies. In Maria Ward's character it had developed the germs of goodness and beauty. She had been known in her youth as a leader of fashion, in middle age the poor and suffering blessed her name, and her munificent charities, though only guessed at, for she followed strictly the scriptural injunction, made her a welcome coadjutor, respected and beloved, in all circles devoted to the promotion of the welfare of human kind.

Mrs. Ward had often been importuned to re-enter society. It had even been hinted to her that, legally, she was free to connect herself in a more suitable marriage than her childish one. But she turned from one representation with indifference, from the other with unconcealed scorn. How little did her advisers know her heart, and the secret that controlled it.

Lonely she must ever be, but she had learned precious lessons of wisdom through suffering. One of these was, that occupation, and an absorbing interest in some human creature or creatures, was the only partial panacea for the undying cravings of her heart. She had accordingly charged herself with the care and education of several young girls, daughters of poor but highly respectable families, whom she received into her own house, and made members of her family. Surrounded by these youthful and affectionate friends, and blessed with all else that her heart desired, save only the one, most longed for presence, she enjoyed the present, and looked calmly forward to the future, which, in this life, she believed promised nothing more.

Mrs. Ward employed teachers, who attended regularly at her house, to impart their different branches of instruction to her young friends, whose education she thus personally superintended. But it chanced that one of these teachers—an elderly French lady—was prevented by an accident that confined her to her room for a time, from attending, and the girls were dispatched to her house for their lessons.

In a room of this house, which was in the older portion of the town mostly inhabited by foreigners, and overlooking the river which ran beneath its windows, an old man, white-haired and infirm, sat listlessly gazing out upon the turbid stream, covered with craft of all kinds, or at the dusty walls and dingy furniture of his apartment. On his face rested an expression of calm sadness, and all its lines told of sorrow and pain, subdued by the hand of time, or the influences of a higher power.

After passing his door the group of merry girls stayed their footsteps, and glanced silently upon that placid face, and the deep, dark eyes that had that inward gaze which we so often observe in the old, and those who have suffered and conquered all, until life is but a memory of the past. Sometimes they mentioned him to their teacher, or their friend Mrs. Ward, but the one had never spoken to him, for, as she said, she "loved not one so triste;" and the other, supposing him to be some foreigner, not needy or in any way claiming her aid, dismissed him from her mind.

Still, when she one day accompanied the girls to visit their teacher, she confessed to herself a hope that she also might chance to see this interesting old man, and she was not disappointed. A group of women and children stood about his closed door as Mrs. Ward and her girls passed, whispering and gesticulating. Mrs. Ward saw that something strange had occurred, and she soon learned that the old man was quite ill. Her sympathies were aroused, and leaving the girls with their teacher, she went to his room to inquire if all had been done for him that was required.

Silent and senseless, a mere breathing corpse, the old man lay upon his bed, with only a hired nurse to watch over him—a coarse stranger, who gladly availed herself of Mrs. Ward's entrance to slip away for a gossip with some of her cronies upon the landing.

"Thus, perhaps, my husband died, alone, with only mercenary strangers around him, in a foreign land," thought Mrs. Ward, as she gazed tearfully upon that placid face, that, as is often the case in mortal illness, was gradually settling into the lines of more youthful days, and which seemed, from the first, strangely familiar to her.

"There is certainly a look of Mr. Ward in that fine old face," she whispered, and her heart beat faster at the thought. She approached nearer, gazing anxiously at the face, so like, yet so unlike, in its frame of silvery hair, when her eyes fell upon a little worn watch-case that hung suspended from a nail above the bed, with a large gold watch and gold mounted chain of dark hair hanging from it. She clasped her hands, and her breath came quickly.

"Oh, God, I thank thee!" burst from her lips, and she knew no more. When the nurse returned she found the strange lady prostrate and insensible near the couch of her patient. And thus, at last, the long-sundered husband and wife had met.

Beneath her sweet and patient nursing, the old man's senses at last returned. He opened his eyes upon objects long unfamiliar to his eyes, for during that protracted period of insensibility he had been carefully re-conveyed to the home he had so rashly deserted years before. The recognition of that sweet "ministering spirit" which hovered about his couch is not for words to describe. There were mutual confessions, mutual forgiveness, and a great unspeakable peace and joy, such as no tongue can interpret.

The old man had sacrificed home and wealth, that she whom he loved might be happy. He would have ended his exile only with his life, had not that good Providence which we sometimes wickedly call chance, led Maria to his bedside. But he was at home again, and there, when a few more months had passed, he died in Maria's arms. And the devoted wife, now a widow indeed, mourned for him truly and deeply, but not with that bitterness which had attended the long bereavement of his absence. They had been reconciled, and soon they would be reunited.

THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh, the old, old Clock, of the household stock
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest:
'Twas a monitor too, though its words were few
Yet they lived, though Nations alter'd;
And its voice, still strong, warn'd old and young,
When the voice of friendship falter'd!—
Tick, tick, it said; quick, quick, to bed;
For ten I've given warning:—
Up, up—and go—or else, you know,
You'll never rise *soon* in the morning.

A friendly voice was that old, old Clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And bless'd the time, with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling:—
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock
As it call'd at day-break boldly,
When the Dawn look'd gray, o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly!—
Tick, tick, it said; quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning!

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
Tick—tick! it said—to the churchyard bed;
The Grave hath given warning,—
Up—up—and rise to the Angel skies—
And enter a Heavenly morning!

HARD WORDS AND KIND WORDS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Jacob Bowman was a self-willed, ill-natured man, who endeavored to make his way in the world by driving everything before him. Weak, timid people yielded to his imperative manner, when in contact, and avoided him as much as possible; but every little while he ran against some one not inclined to be hectored or crowded, and then came trouble.

In his family, Jacob endeavored to rule with the strong hand. Feeling and impulse, not reason and judgment, guided his conduct here. No law of love held his children in obedience to his will; he governed by the law of force.

Men like Jacob Bowman, who are always ready to strike hard, cannot, usually, bear the weight of a feather in return. He was particularly sensitive touching the deportment of others towards himself, and quickly resented a dictatorial word. This sensitiveness was inherited by his children, who, in consequence, were hurt, from the beginning, by his harsh way of treating them, and led, from natural impulse, to resist his will. So, there were trouble and misrule at home. Disregard of authority and disrespect on one side, and the strong arm that sought to enforce submission on the other. Alas! in such a contest there is no hope, for the power of resistance grows stronger daily, and will is strengthened in like ratio with power. Jacob's children had no love for their father, and so obedience rested only in fear, and as fear ceased to hold them in submission, restraint grew weak. As for his wife, she, poor woman! had grown very cold towards her husband. For years, using a common and very significant form of expression, she had hardly dared to say that her soul was her own. But, at the time of which we write, nearly fifteen years from her marriage day, she was beginning to react with some firmness upon her husband's dictatorial ways, and to treat him with an indifference particularly annoying to one of his temperament. He could not storm her into submission as in earlier times. The sharp word, or harsh command, fell impotent from his lips, not moving her from the way in which she cared to walk.

Mr. Bowman was beginning, about this period, to feel greatly discouraged in regard to his children. They did not grow more obedient as years added strength to bodies and minds. His word was not obeyed as law, though spoken in thunder daily. They did not shrink from his person, nor tremble at his threat. They were immovable, though he stormed. He raged, and they heeded him not. He punished, and they were not restrained.

One day, on returning home, Mr. Bowman was met by his wife in the hall. She was pale, and her eyes were in tears. Laying her hand upon his arm, she drew him into the parlor.

"What ails you?" he asked, in his usual rough way, yet betraying the anxiety that came over his mind.

"Sit down, and I will tell you."

Mr. Bowman sat down. There was a peculiarity in his wife's voice that, unconsciously, subdued him.

"Lu's arm is broken."

"What!"

"Her arm is broken badly; but Dr. Edwards has been here."

"Lu's arm broken! How did that happen?"

"Jacob threw her down stairs."

Mr. Bowman started to his feet, his face instantly flushed with anger, and advancing one foot said, in a threatening tone:

"Where is he?"

Mrs. Bowman arose, and laying her hand on him, bore him gently back. But he was in no yielding mood.

"Why did he throw her down stairs?" He turned towards his wife, sternly confronting her.

"Sit down again. It is no time for angry punishment. I think there has been enough of that. You must try some other way, Jacob."

Mr. Bowman could hardly credit his senses. Was this his wife speaking? How dared she address him thus! In very surprise he sat down; and, in so doing, felt a loss of power as between himself and the woman he had so long treated as an instrument of his will.

"Lu and Jacob had a dispute this morning about some dried grasses that have been in Jacob's room. Lu took them away, and Jacob ordered her, in his ill-natured style, to put them back again, which she refused to do. They had a little scuffle before you went out this morning, and you, instead of patiently"—Mr. Bowman started and frowned, but his wife kept on—"ascertaining which was right and which wrong, caught hold of Jacob, and, after shaking him violently, threatened to flog him if he said another word about the grasses. Now, Lu had taken what did not belong to her; and if you had adjudged the case rightly, you would have compelled her to give up the grasses to Jacob."

Mr. Bowman frowned still more heavily. His wife did not, however, heed his threatening face. She had, all at once, risen to a place of thought and action above him, and freer pulses were throbbing along her veins.

"But," she went on, "having wronged Jacob in your decision, and encouraged Lu to persist in her invasion of his rights, continued strife between them was inevitable. My word was powerless. I could not exert the influence required to produce harmony, because your decision in the case excited the worst feelings on both sides. All the morning they wrangled and contended; notwithstanding, in the hope of turning their thoughts away from the cause of trouble, I took the grasses from Lu and locked them up in one of my drawers. When anger is in the heart, there is no lack of causes for dispute. About two hours ago, Jacob, in coming down stairs, found Lu sitting with her feet across one of the steps. He ordered her, in an angry tone, to get out of his way; but angry words never bring ready obedience." She spoke something slower, and paused a moment, in order that the sentiment might have force in the mind of her husband. "Lu did not stir. Jacob stormed; but made no impression on the ill-natured girl. Then he threatened to pitch her down stairs; and she laughed at him with tantalizing scorn. I heard what was passing, but before there was time for interference, Jacob had thrown himself madly against his sister, tearing her hold from the railing to which she clung, and bearing her headlong down stairs. They fell together, Jacob receiving a cut on his forehead, and Lu breaking her arm."

Mrs. Bowman paused and looked calmly at her husband. She had drawn up her person as she spoke, with the dignity of conscious power, and now waited for the response. Mr. Bowman had a new consciousness: the consciousness of inferiority to his wife. She had, in soberly spoken, direct language, accused him of wrong; and he could not gainsay her words. Nay, self-accusation was giving them additional force.

"This is a sad business," he remarked, in a troubled voice, as he began moving up and down the room. "Poor child! did she suffer much?"

"Yes, until the doctor came. After the arm was set the pain subsided. She is asleep now."

"Where is Jacob?"

"In his room."

"Did you punish him?"

"Why should I punish him?" asked Mrs. Bowman.

"Why!" Mr. Bowman knit his brows. His wife seemed trifling.

"Punishment," said Mrs. Bowman, still retaining her calmness, and speaking as from a conscious right to speak—all of which was new to her husband, and not a little puzzling—"is for reformation. You have punished Jacob a great many times, and often severely, for the very wrong done this morning."

"Did he ever break Lu's arm before?" demanded Mr. Bowman, with rising irritation.

"That was a consequence of his fault. The wrong lay in his anger toward his sister, and his purpose to annoy her. Now, I am very sure that punishments will not go to the seat of this disease. You cannot alter the mental disposition by inflicting pain on the body. Fear may restrain the outward act for a time, but the will to do wrong is unimpaired. Your dealing with Jacob, if you deal with him at all, must go deeper than this; or you had better leave him to his own consciousness—leave him to the pity and self-reproach that are now in his mind, and not to the anger and self-justification that must take their place if you inflict punishment."

Ah, if Mrs. Bowman had been courageous enough to speak after this manner to her husband, years before, how different might have been his rule in the household! He was not blind to reason; only blind when permitted, as he had been at home, to let selfish impulse govern, instead of a wise and loving regard to his wife and children. The unreflective tyrant had put aside the man, and ruled in his stead; and the sensitive, yielding, almost timid wife, had permitted this rule, until indifference of his regard, uniting with an aroused sense of duty, brought forth timely words that could not be gainsaid. In her calm speech, and well considered language, Mrs. Bowman completely subdued her husband. There was no setting aside her appeal. Its self-evident force disarmed him.

"What am I to do?" he asked, in a weak, bewildered way, his thought beating about in the obscurity of a newly opening state of mind.

"My husband," said Mrs. Bowman, whose heart, as she saw the strong, self-willed man, giving way before her, softened with a new born affection, instead of thrilling with triumph, as many an oppresed wife's heart would have thrilled—she spoke with unwonted tenderness—"My husband, love is all powerful; and loving words are often magical in force, where angry speech would die weakly in the utterance. You have not always thought of this. Oh, for my sake, and for the sake of our children, will you not, in the time to come, speak more kindly, more gently? Give us loving tones and pleasant words, always, always my husband."

The voice, which lost its firmness ere half this sentence was spoken, broke down utterly, closing in a sob, as Mrs. Bowman laid her face against her husband's bosom. Oh, as his arms closed around her, tightly, tightly, drawing her to his heart, what joy was her's! It seemed as if there had been a sudden birth into a new life.

Beyond this, she did not speak. Then and there, admonition died on her tongue. She had borne her husband upwards, through a sudden strong impulse, to a higher plane of thought and perception, and then withdrew her uplifting arms, that he might dwell there in his own consciousness.

"Will you not speak more kindly and more gently?" Could Mr. Bowman ever forget this appeal? No—no! What a revelation of his home life did it bring! How it turned for him, leaf after leaf, in the book of memory, bringing shame and self-reproaches. "More kindly and more gently." What stinging accusation was in the words!

Mr. Bowman was humbled and subdued; and this state was favorable to right perceptions. He not only saw clearly, but resolved soberly and in earnest. How must the gentle heart of his wife have suffered through long years, thus to react against him now—thus to cry out for him to stay the iron heel with which he had well nigh crushed out all love from his home! He was oppressed, humiliated, pained at the revelation of himself that was suddenly presented.

When, half an hour afterwards, Mr. Bowman went to Jacob's room, where the boy had retired on hearing him enter the house, and where he had been waiting a summons, and steeling his mind for the endurance of punishment, he found the boy cold, calm, and hard of aspect. There was some fear in his countenance; but no sign of sorrow for the evil he had done.

"Jacob," said Mr. Bowman, speaking in a low, serious voice, but without a sign of anger, as he sat down by the boy, "how did it happen that you threw your sister down stairs?"

This manner of address was so different from what Jacob had anticipated that his aspect changed instantly. His pale, cold face flushed; his eyes grew moist; his lips quivered.

"I was angry, father." He could say no more. The floodgates of feeling were too suddenly opened. He covered his face with his hands and wept.

"I thought it was so," replied Mr. Bowman, without manifesting displeasure. "I knew that, my son, could not, if in his right mind, do any harm to his sister. See what a dreadful thing anger is! You could have stepped over her feet?"

"Yes, father, I could have done it." Jacob looked up, with his eyes still running over with tears. "But she put herself in my way on purpose, and I felt so angry that I would have done almost anything. I don't care when I'm mad."

"That's a dreadful thing, Jacob! Don't care when you are angry!" Mr. Bowman spoke very gravely.

"I can't help it, father," said the boy, in a pleading voice. "I'm always sorry after I've been angry. But when anybody speaks in a rough way, or does wrong things to me, I fire right up, and don't care what I say or do. I wish it wasn't so; indeed I do, father. I'm sorry almost every day. I want to do right and please you; but it seems as if I can't. O dear! O dear!" And the unhappy child covered his face again, and wept bitterly.

Was not Mr. Bowman rebuked by this? Ah, yes! He saw deeper into that boy's concious life than he had ever seen before, and understood how painful, yet how fruitless, had been his strife with inherited passions and impulses. Instead of helping, he had hindered; wounding instead of healing whenever his hand was outstretched.

"We must let the past go, Jacob," said Mr. Bowman, speaking with encouragement. "There has been too much wrangling and jarring; too much loud and harsh talking to one another. It does no good; it makes no one happier. Kindness is better. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, father. But nobody is kind in this house."

"Nobody?" There was a shade of surprise in Mr. Bowman's voice.

"Mother is kind, but——" The boy hesitated.

"But what, Jacob?"

"She can't do much.'

Mr. Bowman did not reply for some time. That last sentence suggested many thoughts.

"If each one is kind, then all will be kind," said the father. "Won't you try to do your part?"

"Yes, I'll try; but I know I shan't always succeed."

"Shall I tell you how you may succeed?"

"Yes, father."

"If provoked to utter a harsh word, at any time, hold it back resolutely until you feel calm enough to speak a kind word."

Jacob sat evidently revolving the proposition in his mind, in order to see its entire force.

"If all would do that," he said, his thought going from member to member of the inharmonious family. His tone was slightly despondent.

"If you will do it, I will," said Mr. Bowman, with a frankness that surprised even himself. Jacob's countenance lighted instantly. "Are you ready for the trial of this new way in the family?"

"Yes, father; but you mustn't be discouraged with me if I fail sometimes. It is not an easy way for a boy like me," answered Jacob, with a hopeful smile glistening through tears.

All rested with the father, and well did he understand it. Fully awakened as he now was to his past errors and future responsibilities, he was in little danger of stepping down from the higher place to which he had ascended. His interview with Jacob surprised and instructed him almost as much as his interview with his wife. He saw that he had not acted in his family as though each individual possessed a separate life and consciousness that must be developed in some sort of freedom, and grow to strength and beauty in the sunshine. Command and obedience involved the whole rule of family government; and under this rule he had well nigh destroyed the bonds of filial and fraternal love. But under the new rule, inaugurated in pain and self-humiliation, there was a joyful promise that did not die.

For a man of Mr. Bowman's inherited and acquired disposition, the government of kindness was a difficult order of home administration. Old states were constantly recurring, and hard words instead of gentle remonstrances forever rising to his tongue. But instructed through that single lesson, so forcibly given, he could not forget his duty; and so, through resolute self-compulsion, held on in the better way—blessing instead of cursing the human souls which God had placed in his keeping.

"UP-HILL WORK."

A LIFE SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"Ah, me! This is up-hill work!"

So said Albert Fairfield in the morning of his life.

And how many thousands of earth's toiling sons are giving breath to the same mournful complaint.

"It is up-hill work!" sighs the boy, turning his eye from the page of his lesson-book, and gazing out beyond the pent-up school-room to the hills and woods that rise so invitingly in the distance. "It is up-hill work!" says the youth, bending over his bench, and thinking of the time when his apprenticeship will expire, and he can be his own master, and work for himself. "It is up-hill work!" says the laborer, as he wipes the sweat from his brow, and gazes off upon the long stretch of ground yet to be subdued ere he can count upon the harvest. "It is up-hill work!" groans the poor debtor, bowing beneath the weight of a long score yet to be overcome.

Aye—so it is. It is up-hill work—all of it.

"Ah, me! This is up-hill work!"

Albert Fairfield said so to me the second time. When he first spoke I dropped my eyes to the ground, and thought. Albert was two-and-twenty years of age, and was by trade a machinist. He loved Sophy Winthrop, and Sophy Winthrop loved him. Sophy was an orphan, two years younger than Albert; she was my niece, and her home was beneath my roof. She was the only child of my sister, and I loved her as though she had been my own. When Albert Fairfield asked me if he might have Sophy for his wife, I wanted time to consider. I knew that he was a young man of unblemished character; of excellent standing; and of fair intellect. I knew that he was poor; but that was nothing against him. I made myself sure that Sophy loved him, and then I gave him my answer. I told him that when he could pay for a home he should have my niece for his wife.

Said I—"Sophy is willing to marry you now, but I do not think it best. I should prefer that you would at least own a house before you marry. If you will purchase the house, Sophy shall furnish it from top to bottom,—so her expenditure will be about equal to yours, and you may then commence your married life with a good start."

With another I might not have made this stipulation; but I knew Albert's weakness, and I sought to overcome it. I knew that he had powers enough, but they were not self-reliant ones. He had yet a lesson to learn in life, and I thought he had better learn it before marriage than after. When I first gave this conditional consent to his marriage with my niece, he received it gratefully, and said he would go ahead. He thought then only of the prize to be won.

A year had elapsed, and Albert Fairfield seemed to feel weary and disheartened.

"Ah me! This is up-hill work!" And he leaned back, and folded his hands upon his knees.

"Of course it is," said I. "Had I not known that it would be up-hill work I should not have asked you to do it."

He looked up at me inquiringly.

"How steep is the hill?" I asked him.

He still gazed upon me, and I repeated the question,—

"How steep is the hill?"

"It is steep and long," he replied.

"But you are part way up," I suggested.

He shook his head. "It will take me a long time to climb to the top."

"Others have reached the top before you?"

"Yes."

"Thousands of them?"

"Yes."

"And they were no stronger than you are?"

"But," said Albert, after a little hesitation, "they may have had more help."

"Ah, my boy," I returned, with an admonitory shake of the head, "you are showing me your weakness. Do you remember, a year ago, the conversation we had?"

"Yes."

"You asked me for the hand of my niece. I intimated to you that she could pay as much towards furnishing the house as it would cost you to build it. I believed that it would be better for you both if you could commence upon the same level. As far as means were concerned, Sophy was in advance. Circumstances had placed her upon the top of the hill. I showed you where she stood, and you promised me that you would go at work to reach her. Has your heart failed you?"

Albert made no reply.

"Do you love Sophy less?"

He answered me quickly: "No, no. I love her better than ever."

"And yet you would sit down and fold your hands upon the hill-side. Albert, I did not think this of you. With such a prize upon the top I had supposed that you would push on without faltering. Look—look, and see the work you have before you—see how many have gone up in advance. Look, Albert, from where you stand. Look up, and look down. Will you join those at the top, or will you fall back, heart-faint and weak, and join those at the bottom?"

He bowed his head reflectingly.

"UP-HILL WORK!" I cried, resting my hand for a moment upon his shoulder. "What is Life but a hill! There may be a state of existence, for drones and sloths, down in the ceaseless valley; but the Life of the living, acting man is up the hill—up, up, up—the higher the better. Do you tell me that you have met with disappointments? Then overcome them. Don't let them overcome you. If you have lost the path, go back and find it, and look out more sharply next time. If you have found the path choked up by some impediment, move it out of your way. If you cannot move it, then work your way over it, or around it, as may be best. Look up, Albert, and see who stand highest in the world. See who have most honor and most respect. You shall find them to be those who have met and overcome the most misfortune in their way up the hill. Look up—look up, my son, and behold the proud conqueror. See the man whom all delight to honor. See what he did in his journey up the hill. What *did he* do with misfortunes? He bent them to his will, and changed them into blessings. He made them stepping-stones of experience, and pushed his way upward with renewed energy.

"Do you call it UP-HILL WORK, Albert? Aye—it is up-hill work—glorious, honorable work. And what will you do? You are on the hill even now. The prize is above you?—What will you do? Will you go back to the valley of shades—will you sit listlessly where you are—or will you summon your manhood, and move up? Answer me."

The young man bowed his head for a little while upon his hands, and then he gazed up into my face. I saw that the current of his feelings had changed. His lips were set more firmly; a manly flush was upon his cheek; and a new fire was in his eye. He arose to his feet; he swept the hair away from his brow; and presently he said:

"Wait.—You shall see."

I knew what he meant—I knew how strongly his resolution had been fixed; but I could not suffer him to depart without one more word of counsel.

"Albert," I said, taking his hand, "suffer me to speak once more. In your upward march you will meet obstacles; and the most perplexing of obstacles will be such as result from your own oversight and indecision. Utter no more complaint. Every moment of repining is a step backward; every thought of regret is a barrier thrown across your path; and every feeling of envy, spent upon those who are ahead of you, makes additional load which you must bear with you as you go."

He said that he understood me; and he told me again to wait.

I did wait. I waited patiently, and with growing hope. I watched the youth, and I saw that he had commenced the up-hill work in earnest. From a hesitating, dreaming, wishing man he grew to be a living, acting, working man. He walked the street no longer with his head bent; but he walked erect, with his gaze fixed straight before him. He grew stronger and stouter—I could see it in the firmness of his step, in the outgrowing of his chest, and in the healthier tone of his face.

Two years more, and Albert Fairfield came to me again; and this time he claimed his wife.

"You have your house?" I said.

He handed me a deed by which was conveyed to him one of the prettiest cottage residences in the town.

"I should have built," he explained, "but the owner of this was about to leave the country, and he gave me a grand bargain—so grand a bargain, sir, that I have paid for the property, and have some three hundred dollars left."

"You shall have your wife," I told him. "She is ready to marry with you, and she has been ready this long time—been ready with her love and changeless devotion. Go to her, Albert, and make such arrangements as you please."

Albert and Sophy were married, and when they were settled down in their new home, I went to see them. After tea—after I had seen what a paradise of earthly bliss that home was—I drew Albert aside, and asked him if I had not been right.

He told me that I had.

"You have had to work?" I suggested.

"Yes."

"And you have met with trials?"

"Yes."

"And now, in this hour, how do you regard the labors of the past?"

He caught me by the hand, and, while his eye kindled, and his face flushed with deep feeling, he said:

"In this hour, standing as I do upon the top of the first grand eminence of life, I look back upon the past as a pleasant scene of hope and of useful labor. I have met with trials, and I have met with disappointments. In the hour when they came they seemed dark and thankless, but now, looking back upon them from the hill of success, I find them to have been really so many blessings, made so by the effort of my own will. Ah, sir, you were right. The only true Life is that which moves upward as it moves onward, and the only effective labor is that which leads us up the hill. The beacon, to be a safe one, must be above us. Yes, yes—you were right, and I thank God that I have had the strength to follow your counsel."

Deference is the most complicate, the most indirect, and the most elegant of all compliments.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Men who think deeply, and pass their lives in the expression of their thoughts, are said, with a delicate tincture of contempt, to live by their wits, as if it were some sort of ledgerdemain and not good honest work; as if silk were a species of sin, and satin a misspelling of Satan.

One would think from the works of the ancient architects, that it is easier to fear God than love man; ten temples to Mars, and only one to Mercy, two shrines to Faith and only one to Charity, two temples to Sun and Moon, but none for them who cannot see.

As in the sun's eclipse we can behold the great stars shining in the heavens, so in the life-eclipse of sorrow and disease we can discern the lights of the great eternity burning solemnly and forever.

When we behold a beautiful mother with lovely children around her, we are reminded of those trees which blossom in October, and whose fruit and blossoms are on the bough at once.

All created animals are combined in man. Wisdom makes him an ark in which they dwell together in harmony; folly, a cage in which they bite and tear each other and him.

He who stands at the North Pole, let him start toward whatever point he may, goes due South; and so whatever path we take in life leads straight to death.

Love, Justice, and Fortune are said to have no eyes; but all three make us mortals open ours pretty wide sometimes.

However much a man may like to be waited on, he isn't apt to relish the thought of having his friends close his eyes.

The flatterer must act the very reverse of the physician, administering the strongest dose only to the weakest patient.

Mother Eve, by one act, made us all mortal; and now her daughters are killing us off one by one at their leisure.

It is as uncomfortable to feel like scolding and have nothing to scold about, as it is to be hungry and have nothing to eat.

Children don't often consult the will of the father; his only will that they are apt to care much about is his last.

Reward and punishment are sadly warped. If they are the two legs on which society stands, society is bow-legged.

The lover's thoughts and fancies, his mere creatures, are always with his mistress; but he, their maker, hasn't that privilege.

When foraging for thought becomes necessary in the pursuit of literary fame, it is high time the campaign were ended.

That boarder has the most delightful fair set before him who sits at the table opposite to beautiful girls.

There is something divine in the science of numbers. Like God, it holds earth and sky in the hollow of its hand.

A coiled rattlesnake must uncoil himself to strike; he must undo himself before he can undo you.

Every child is weaned from its mother; the mother can never be weaned from the child.

We may refuse a favor so graciously as to please, and grant it so ungraciously as to offend.

There is no health in the world; we enjoy at the best but a neutrality between health and sickness.

The most difficult person to make contracts with is a contracted one.

Poetry has a middle nature. Heaven keeps souls, the earth bodies—verse enrolls the name.

The criticism of enemies is often more valuable than the advice of friends.

The preacher who spends his nights in writing dull sermons stays awake to put his hearers to sleep.

A serious inconvenience accompanying great virtues is that they hold up a torch to one's vices.

Every one has a romance in his own heart; all that has blessed or awed the world lies there.

He was a true poet who called flowers the fugitive poetry of Nature.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A young lady, the daughter of a citizen of wealth and respectability, who married the son of her father's hostler a few weeks ago, was found dead in her father-in-law's house one morning a short time since, and on the table was a note to her mother, stating that, having awakened from her delusion, and finding herself chained to persons and circumstances which excited in her only loathing and disgust, and being ashamed ever to look her family or former friends in the face again, she had resolved to end her life, as the grave seemed to be the only refuge left her from the unendurable miseries of her situation.

A laborer, who was reeking with perspiration, rushed into a saloon in Fulton street the other day, when the heat was at an unendurable degree, and seizing a pitcher of ice-water, drank nearly a quart of it, set down the pitcher and started to go out; but before he reached the pavement he clapped his hands to his stomach, uttered a groan, and fell to the floor. Aid was called as soon as possible, but the imprudent man died before he could be got to the hospital. This fact teaches an important lesson, which it behooves every one to heed during hot weather.

A short time since a fight occurred on board one of the boats that run to the fishing banks, on account of an insult, or a fancied one, being given to a girl who was dancing, with others, to the music of three fiddles and a bass viol, on the lower deck. The insulted damsel's lover assaulted the insulter, and both parties having friends on board, the fight spread and soon became promiscuous among about a dozen or so; but the girls at last interfered and quieted the row.

A desperate character, called Jim Brundage, got into a fight in a low drinking saloon in Jersey City one night not long since, and meeting with his match in a countryman from the eastern part of New Jersey, who had entered the saloon to see the "elephant," they fought after the rough-and-tumble, kicking, biting and gouging fashion for over half an hour, when Brundage, being badly cut up, cried "enough," and the fight was discontinued.

A couple of children—a boy of five and a girl of seven—living in First Avenue, got to meddling with utensils in the kitchen, the other day, while their mother was in the yard hanging out clothes, and at last upsetting a boiler of hot water upon themselves, they were scalded so badly, that the boy died in a few hours, and the little girl, after lingering in great agony till the next morning, also died.

Several days ago, as a party of gentlemen were rowing towards the Narrows, they suddenly came upon the body of a man floating in the water—swollen, livid, and ghastly. They had such a horror of the floating corpse that they did not attempt to secure it, but on landing they informed the proper authorities of what they had seen, and a party of police went out and succeeded in finding the body, which could not be identified.

A number of ill-behaved boys were throwing stones at each other in Christie street, one day recently, and a savage dog coming along, they all turned upon him, and began pelting him unmercifully; but the dog being plucky, instead of running made a dash at his assailants, and throwing one of them down, mangled him severely before assistance could be rendered him.

A party of burglars, who broke into a house up town a short time since, made free with several decanters of liquor which they found in one of the closets, all of which had been powerfully drugged, in anticipation that they might do good service in some such way, and the result was, that the jolly burglars were all found fast asleep in the basement in the morning.

A fight occurred on a Fulton ferry-boat one evening not long since; and the combatants being at the forward end, where there was a dense crowd, many of the passengers came near being pressed overboard, but fortunately no damage was done to anybody but the parties to the disgraceful contest.

Three little boys were playing on the roof of a house in Broome street, one afternoon lately, and getting into a scuffle, they approached the edge, and one of them, a lad nine years of age, fell to the ground—a distance of about thirty feet, and was instantly killed.

A horse attached to a sulky ran away a few days since, in the Central Park, and after scattering promenaders right and left, at last ran over a nursery maid and a couple of children, breaking the former's arm, and seriously bruising the head of one of the latter.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

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ALLEVIATIONS OF CAMP LIFE.

Camp life need not be dull. When it is dull, there is something radically wrong about it.

The chief antidote to dullness, whether in camp or out of camp, is employment. When soldiers are drilled enough, but not too much, and when the drill is properly varied, being changed from company drill to regimental parade, and from that to moving in brigades, with a grand review once or twice a week, camp life cannot be very dull, because the mere alternation of work and rest will suffice to make life tolerably pleasant. We would not trust with hazardous duty any regiment which had found camp life dull, so certain should we be that they had wasted their time and not learned their trade.

Sport is a great alleviation of life in camp. No company should consider its equipage complete without a football and a ball for base or cricket. Every fine afternoon, all hands should turn out for an hour's fun. It improves the health of men, keeps up their spirits, and is a most valuable kind of preparation for battle. It has long been observed in England, that the best men on the play-ground are the best in the battle-field. Indeed, the English government has recently gone to great expense in providing cricket-grounds, tennis-courts and ten pin alleys for the use of soldiers in barracks. No man who has ever played ball needs to be told that games of ball quicken the eyesight, strengthen the wind, and increase the courage of those who play them. Yes, increase the *courage!* Does it require no cool courage to stop a ball that would knock down an ox?

In camp, three daily events become intensely interesting, namely, breakfast, dinner and supper. Hungry? No man knows what hunger is till he has served a campaign in the field. Fancy coming in about six o'clock on a chilly morning, after having been out on picket duty half the night, or going to dinner after five hours' drill. Eating having thus acquired a strange and unnatural importance, if you wish to give an intense pleasure to troops, you have only to give them something a little extra nice to eat. The sailor on Sundays rejoices in his plum duff. It marks the day. Soldiers should not only be well fed and variously fed, but it is highly desirable that, occasionally, they should have something extra. Why, to men who have been living on plain meat and bread, a little molasses or apple sauce is sufficient to convert their dinner into a banquet. To men who taste potatoes only once a week, potatoes become ambrosial.

A great alleviation of camp life is to have the camp itself clean and elegant. It is a nearly invariable rule, and recent events have shown it, that a regiment that keeps its camp cleanest and most comfortable is the regiment most to be depended upon in the hour of severest trial. Men that have not moral force enough to keep their abode decent may make a dash or two upon the foe, but they will never turn the tide of flight, never stand long under fire, never endure extreme labor; no, not though they could save their country by doing so. Such men give out at the precise moment when a little fortitude and coolness would decide the fortune of a campaign. The creature we call a GENTLEMAN is the true fighting man.

Reading, of course, is to many soldiers a grand resource in camp. So is writing. In every permanent camp and barracks there should be provision made for both reading and writing.

Sunday ought to be a great day in camp, and it *is* a great day to a regiment that has a chaplain of the right stamp. But, alas! chaplains of the right stamp do not grow on every bush. Next to a good colonel, the man to be desired in a regiment is a good chaplain, a man of tact, force, courage, and utterly free from the cant, the affected solemnity, and all the other white-chokerisms of his profession; a round, jovial, hearty, honest man. Such a chaplain can make the Sunday a day of delight, besides doing much through the week to cheer and elevate the men.

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ILLUSTRIOUS STRANGERS.

Gentlemen and ladies with august handles to their names, who come over from Europe to study the habits of the plebeian animals called republicans on their native soil, have ceased to excite our curiosity. The broad farce of "The Illustrious Stranger," with the Prince of Wales for its "Bowbell," was played out in New York last year, and our tuft-hunters and toadies, scorched by the sarcasms of the independent press, have ever since remained under a cloud. They did not emerge from it even when Prince Alfred was within hailing distance, at Montreal, and that really smart youth, who has, at least, twice the gumption of his elder brother, was unbesieged of our "Macsycophants." One fine morning toward the close of last month, Prince Napoleon—heir presumptive to the throne of France prior to the birth of the Prince Imperial—and his wife, the pretty Princess Clotilde of Sardinia, landed from a handsome war yacht near the Battery, and proceeded up Broadway in a carriage to the New York Hotel, without the cognizance of even the ubiquitous "gentlemen of the press." The members of the corporation, too, were oblivious of the fact that we had a Bonaparte among us, and that volunteer usher who has heretofore taken charge of foreign celebrities, regardless of expense, was not on hand to welcome them.

It is really refreshing to notice these symptoms of returning self-respect in the city authorities and the sensation papers. The advent of a Prince no longer "frights the isle from its propriety." The cousin of the French emperor excited no more attention in our streets than any other foreigner five feet eight inches high, with a slight stoop in his shoulders, and a face of the Napoleon cut, without the Napoleon intellect in it, would have done. We are improving rapidly in our appreciation of Princes, and also in our manner of treating them. And be it known that they do not like to be harassed with adulation while travelling for pleasure. They are overdosed with flattery at home, and when a people who profess to believe that "all men are created equal" follow them about agape with flunky admiration, it sickens them. Like Jefferson Davis & Co., what they want is to be let alone.

We should have been chagrined if the city of New York had gone out of its way to pay its devoirs to Prince Napoleon. He has never distinguished himself particularly either in military or civil life. In Italy he commanded a division which was never, we believe, under fire; in Paris he owns, or controls, a newspaper, which, under the guise of liberalism, is said to be factiously opposed to the policy of the Emperor, who has literally loaded him with favors.

As the son of that Jerome Bonaparte who married, and afterward, at the command of his imperial brother, basely abandoned and repudiated a most estimable American lady, he certainly has no claim to our regard on the score of his parentage. As *we* understand the obligations of the marriage bond, his father was a faithless husband and a bigamist. That Prince Napoleon is the offspring of what Christian men, who set God's laws above the decrees of tyrants, hold to have been an illegal and illicit union, is certainly not *his* fault; but the persistency with which he opposed the legitimation by the courts of France of Lieut. Patterson Bonaparte, the legitimate grandson of his father, shows pretty clearly that a proper sense of justice is not one of his moral qualities.

Jerome Bonaparte, the puppet king of Westphalia, was, as all the world knows, a weak man. As a monarch he was playful in his habits, being accustomed, it is said, to play at leap-frog with his ministers by way of unbending from the cares of State. He was, also, a *bon vivant*, enjoyed good wine, and is reported to have *bathed* in it twice or thrice a week, in order to be thoroughly saturated with his favorite fluid. Report says that the Prince inherits the paternal partiality for the juice of the grape, but we have not heard that he washes in it. The proverb, "a fool for luck," was verified in Jerome. He escaped the perils of Waterloo, outlived the Bourbon dynasty, died at an advanced age laden with honors by his imperial nephew, and was buried with the pomp and fuss in which, while living, he so much delighted.

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OUR MARTIAL MARINE.

A first class maritime nation, whose ports are the entrepôts and dépôts of a vast external and internal commerce, and whose merchantmen pervade every ocean, should never be unprepared for naval war. It is not enough that she is invulnerable on terra firma—that no invading army can maintain a foothold on her soil: she should be *always* in a condition to protect her merchant marine, and promptly avenge any insult offered to her flag on the high seas or in the ports and harbors to which her people trade.

For nearly forty-six years we have been at peace with all the powers of Europe. During this long interval of repose, France and England have enormously increased the force and efficiency of their martial marine. This country has not followed their example. Our navy has not been augmented in a ratio with the extension of our commerce, nor have we to any great extent introduced into it the improved armaments and equipments adopted by our great commercial rivals.

What is the result of this neglect? In the midst of a grand domestic crisis, and with the possible—not *probable* but certainly *possible*—contingency of a foreign war before us, we take a survey of our fleets. What do they amount to as compared with the naval force of either of the two great maritime powers of the old world? Shall we say to a *mere cypher?* Such is the fact —veracious figures attest it, and we confess it with shame. The evil is not irremediable, however, and the sooner it is remedied, the better for the safety of our commerce and the dignity of the Republic.

It may be said that there is no danger of foreign aggression. There is not indeed any *apparent* danger. But who can answer even for the *near* future? Who seriously believed eighteen months ago that the good ship United States was drifting into the maelstrom that is now trying the integrity of her build and the staunchness of her timbers?

We need no standing army for the defence of our territory, for we count our amateur warriors by the million, and dare match them against the world in arms, but we *do* need a more powerful and effective navy for the protection of our wealth afloat, and the maintenance of our *status* among maritime nations.

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BREASTWORKS.

We question whether new troops should *ever* be led against batteries and breastworks, unless they have been previously breached by cannon balls.

Look at Bunker Hill. A few hundred farmers threw up a breastwork of the most ordinary and unscientific description, in a few hours of a short summer night. A British force of three thousand veteran troops were twice repulsed, and carried the work at last, when the ammunition of the defenders gave out, by a loss in killed and wounded of more than a thousand men. Such an immense advantage does a breast-work give.

Consider the battle of New Orleans. A bank of black mud, defended by three or four thousand militia, kept at bay for a month, a great British army, led by generals of the first distinction, heroes of the Peninsular war.

If such works could enable raw troops to do such wonders, who could expect men to make any impression upon a great *battery-trap*—a series of forest-covered hights, defended by works constructed by skilful engineers and defended by a large army. The attack of such a place, so defended, before it had been pounded by a week's cannonade, may very properly be termed a bull's run. Only, the bull must have been a mad bull. Or, to say the least, John Bull.

◆

"LITTLE TROUBLES."

What are styled the "*little* troubles of life," are the hardest to bear. One can nerve himself up with heroism for a *great* trial, but the musquito-like annoyances of every hour, for which unfeeling natures have no word of sympathy, and which they cannot understand so long as the sufferer has *something to eat*, are what fill churchyards and make so many homes desolate. Happy are they whose "little" troubles find that sympathy out of which grows strength to endure, and whose hearts are not ground to powder by the rough heel of indifference and insensibility.

◆

IT is a pleasant and profitable habit to store up agreeable images of the past, with a view to present and future improvement as well as enjoyment.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Twenty-one.

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF WAR.

It is an old proverb that the Laws are silent amidst arms. The laws are, for the most part, made for a state of peace, excepting those which expressly refer to war and the manner of conducting it. When a state of war arises, the community necessarily undergoes a great, and sometimes a rapid change; the quiet pursuits of society are, to some extent, checked, and in the immediate vicinity of the Seat of War suspended, and with them the laws, which regulate those pursuits, must for the time give way to the stern necessities of the new state of things. It should, however, be, and it is, the great effort of an enlightened government in civilized countries, to keep this disturbance of the peaceful order of things within the narrowest limits; and allow the supremacy of the law to be interfered with by military authority as little as possible. It is in particular a cardinal maxim of free governments, that the military commander should be subordinate to the civil magistrate. There are undoubtedly cases, when war exists, in which the public safety absolutely requires, that the operation of the laws and the authority of the civil magistrate should yield to the paramount considerations which require summary measures. The patriotic magistrate, of whatever rank, must in such cases, exert that moral courage—quite equal to the courage required for the risks of the field—which is needed for the discharge of the unpopular duty of suspending the laws. He must not shrink before the reproaches which his conduct is sure to bring upon him from the timid, the perverse, and the disaffected, cloaking their disloyalty under an assumed zeal for constitutional principles. He must take the risk even of subsequent disavowal, for poor humanity is very prone to be wise after the event and brave after the danger. But he will confine his interference with the regular march of law to the narrowest limits and fewest occasions, and be the first to welcome the restoration of its authority.

These are the general maxims which apply to the conflict of civil and military authority, and the practical difficulty will naturally be, not in their general soundness, but in their applicability to particular cases. This difficulty will of course be much greater in the commencement of a state of war, than after it has lasted some time, and the community has been obliged to conform itself to the exigencies of the contest. At the present time, those citizens in some of the border States, who sympathize with the Confederates, think it hard that they cannot be at peace and at war, in the Union and out of it, at the same time. They claim the protection of the Constitution as in a time of profound peace and universal obedience to the laws, while they render secret and, when circumstances admit, open aid to those arrayed in arms against them. They assault the forces moving to the defence of the capital; they convey supplies and arms to the enemy; they recruit his ranks openly and by stealth, and to effect these objects they sometimes avail themselves of official position and authority derived from the government which they assail; and when that government in self-defence interferes to arrest these treasonable movements and machinations, they clamor that the liberties of the citizen are invaded.

There are presses, for the most part in the border States, though some of them are found in cities more remote from the scene of action, which are daily pleading the cause of the enemy, misrepresenting and vilifying the government of the United States, exaggerating every article of unfavorable intelligence, and exerting themselves to the utmost to dishearten the friends and defenders of the Constitution and the Union. But such is the all but superstitious devotion of the People to the liberty of the Press, that these pernicious journals have, with the exception of a single instance in St. Louis, never been interfered with. It seems to have been thought better by those in authority, to tolerate the mischief of these unpatriotic presses, than to elevate them to greater importance by prosecution, or to encroach in the slightest degree upon that freedom of public discussion which in ordinary times is justly regarded as one of the great safeguards of liberty. But it is preposterous to sacrifice the end to the means. We should in this respect learn wisdom from the enemies of the Union. While we regard as unbecoming our Christian civilization that resort to Lynch law, by which every expression of opinion adverse to the popular sentiment is suppressed in the seceding States, we ought to remember that in tolerating a traitorous press among ourselves, we practice a liberality which awakens no gratitude at home, and is never reciprocated by the opposite party. It is in fact an absurdity in terms, under the venerable name of the liberty of the press, to permit the systematic and licentious abuse of a government which is tasked to the utmost in defending the country from general disintegration and political chaos. The Governor of Malta was once censured in parliament for some alleged severity toward the editor of a journal in that island; and the liberty of the Press was declared to be in danger. The Duke of Wellington said he was as friendly as anybody to the Liberty of the Press in London, but a Free Press in the Island of Malta was as much out of place as it would be on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war. We suppose the most enthusiastic champion of the liberty of the Press would hardly think it right to publish a journal within the walls of Fort McHenry, in which the officers of the garrison should be daily advised to desert and the men be constantly exhorted to mutiny; and whose columns should be filled with persistent abuse of the government and all engaged in its defence. Why should journals of that description be allowed to diffuse their poison beneath its walls amidst the excitable population of a large city?

So too with reference to the freedom of speech in debate, one of the vital conditions of republican liberty. The late Session of Congress has witnessed a magnanimity on the part of the majority in both houses of a truly romantic cast. The acts and the motives of the government, in the suppression of an insurrection, (admitted by one of its most distinguished chiefs to proceed mainly from the disappointment of leading aspirants to office,) have been assailed from day to day with a virulence and a persistence which would be harmless in time of peace, but which in time of war can have no other effect on the popular mind, than to perplex and dishearten those who are staking life and fortune in the cause of the country. This generosity excites no gratitude on the part of those toward whom it is practiced; and so far from being reciprocated, the member of the Confederate Congress at Montgomery or Richmond, who should assail the conduct and policy of that body, as the government of the United States has been assailed by the sympathizers with secession at Washington, would not reach his hotel in safety. He would swing from the next lamp post.

Not merely is all freedom of speech and of the press prohibited in the seceding States, but the most quiet and the humblest rights of citizenship are interdicted. When the ordinance of secession was about to be submitted to the vote of the People of Virginia, a distinguished senator of that State in Congress, and who in that capacity was under oath to support the Constitution of the United States, published a letter, signed with his name, in which he declared that such citizens of Virginia as did not approve the ordinance, must leave the State; a summary sentence of banishment and confiscation against about a third part of the people of that ancient commonwealth; a sentence which the seceding majority are now attempting to enforce at the point of the bayonet, to illustrate the principle, that "the right of government rests upon the consent of the governed."

That necessity which, in time of war, partially suspends the operation of the laws, transfers the governing power to the military authority, not absolutely and without conditions; far from it; but under the limitations of the constitution, and of the laws enacted to meet such a state of things. The power which existed in the Roman republic of creating a Dictator, in seasons of imminent danger, who was clothed with absolute authority for a limited period—a power which was substantially, though not avowedly assumed by Congress, in the revolutionary war—is unknown to the Constitution; and it is to be devoutly hoped will never be called into exercise by perils too formidable to be otherwise averted.

For all the ordinary purposes of war, the President of the United States is clothed with the requisite power as "Commander-in-chief of the army of the United States, and of the militia of the United States when called into active service." The laws of the land provide the means for exercising the great powers which he possesses in this character. The present is not the first occasion on which they have been called into action. The proclamation of the President calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers, although not issued till the war had been actually commenced by the reduction of Fort Sumter, by the general armament of the South, with ordnance and munitions treasonably prepared beforehand by the sworn officers of the United States, and by an official threat of a movement on Washington, has been denounced by President Davis as an unprovoked measure, whose magnitude transcends all constitutional limits, and can aim only at "the subjugation" of the South. At a time when the population of the United States did not exceed four and a half millions, General Washington called out fifteen thousand troops to suppress an insurrection in the western counties of Pennsylvania. Our population is now thirty millions, and the insurrection has assumed the dimensions of a civil war. The only reasonable objection to the military preparations of the United States is, that they did not at once proceed on that gigantic scale, which wisdom and humanity alike dictate, as the only means of bringing the inauspicious conflict to a speedy close. To let it drag on by inadequate means is to prolong the sufferings which it inflicts on both parts of the Union; to protract the perilous duress imposed upon the friends of the Union at the South, who look with aching eyes for the hour of deliverance; and to augment all the difficulties which are to be overcome before peace is restored to the country.

The military powers with which the President is clothed as Commander-in-chief, will, in ordinary cases, and unless the President should himself be a military character, be exercised on land through the medium of the actual Commander-in-chief of the army, a great and august, one might almost say, a sacred trust. It is difficult to contemplate, without some degree of sympathetic enthusiasm, the career of the great captains who, with no higher motive than those which usually actuate the Alexanders and Cæsars of the earth, go forth to their wars of ambition and conquest. Strange as the conjunction of ideas is, there are few whose frame has not thrilled with a mysterious rapture as they have heard Othello's heart-broken leave-taking of his profession:

> "O, now forever,
> Farewell *the tranquil mind!* farewell *content!*
> Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
> That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
> Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner, and all quality,
> Pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war!
> And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats
> The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
> Farewell!"

If the greatest master of the human passions could put language like this in the lips of a mercenary *condottiere*, with what emotions must we not contemplate the person and function of the patriotic chieftain whose "ambition" is not "made to be virtue" by the magnitude of the war in which he is engaged and of the armaments which he wields; but whose whole career is consecrated by patriotism; who has never drawn his sword but in the cause of his country; and whose motives as a man are free from the slightest suspicion of selfishness, lust of power, or vulgar passion for glory.

Of how few of the chieftains that figure on the pages of history can this be said. Neither of the great chieftains of antiquity, with the possible exception of Annibal, was actuated by any higher motive than military ambition. The great Condé was little better than a political intriguer, who lent his sword successively to the faction which promised him the most tempting reward. Marlborough prolonged the wars which he conducted with such consummate skill, to gratify, says Johnson, "his passion for power and plunder." Charles the Twelfth was what Pope calls him, simply a "madman," let loose at the head of an army. Napoleon was a professional conqueror; and with light-hearted confidence used to hum the air of Malbrook as he vaulted to his saddle, at the commencement of his campaigns. Still our feelings are swept along, in spite of ourselves, as we read the lives and exploits of these great commanders. In the position of the veteran chieftain, who, at the close of a long and honored career, draws his sword for the last time in a cause for which a patriot may honestly labor, and a Christian conscientiously pray, there is an elevation approaching to religious grandeur. Life has nothing of purer dignity and chaster grandeur.

When this position is attained toward the close of a long, illustrious, and uniformly successful career, the whole community should hedge it round with a deferential support and hearty confidence. It should be safe from that impatient interference which, under free governments, forms one of the most serious obstacles to the success of great commanders. The correspondence of Marlborough, (pronounced by Bolingbroke, who did not love him, "the greatest general and the greatest minister that our country or any other has produced,") shows us that he lost more than one campaign through the interference of the deputies of the States General, who infested his head-quarters. Wellington, at the commencement of his career in Spain, was harassed, by the unseasonable urgency of his government. Nothing but the divine patience of Washington enabled him to tolerate the intermeddling of the factious cabal which at one period controlled Congress, but which never drew from the peerless chieftain even a hint of resignation. Let us hope that these examples of history will not be lost upon us, but that the Administration and the Country, happy in the services of the most skilful of living Commanders, will leave the conduct of the war in his hands. It is a serious matter for men without experience to interfere with great military operations where the lives of thousands are at stake. The art of War is not so much simpler than the ordinary branches of industry, that, while it requires years of practice to make a good artizan, a man can start up from civil life in a week, competent to plan campaigns and command armies.

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GEORGE WILKES'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

The following extract from one of George Wilkes's letters to his "Spirit of the Times," gives a vivid picture of the coming up of the rebel reserves at the battle of Bull Run, and shows how utterly impossible it was for our brave men, who had been fighting all day without respite, to hold the ground which they had so heroically won:

THE PAGEANT OF THE ENEMY'S RESERVES.

"Everything, therefore, indicated another lull, and it could not be made certain to our minds but that we had really won the victory after all, and that the last cannonade was but the angry finish of the enemy. Suddenly a cry broke from the ranks of "Look there! look there!" and, turning their eyes towards Manassas, the whole of our drooping regiments, as well those who were moving to the rear as those who stood, saw a sight which none who ever gazed upon it will forget.

"At a long way off up the rise, and issuing from the enemy's extreme left, appeared, slowly debouching into sight, a dense column of infantry, marching with slow and solid step, and looking, at this noiseless distance, like a *mirage* of ourselves, or the illusion of a panorama. Rod by rod the massive column lengthened, not breaking off at the completion of a regiment, as we had hoped, but still pouring on, and on, and on, till one regiment had lengthened into ten. Even then the stern tide did not pause, for one of its arms turned downward along the far side of the triangle, and, the source of the flood thus relieved, poured forth again, and commenced lining the other in like manner. Still the solemn picture swelled its volume, till the ten regiments had grown into fifteen, and had taken the formation of three sides of a hollow square. Our awe-struck legions, though beginning to feel the approaches of despair, could not take their eyes from that majestic pageant, and, though experiencing a new necessity, were frozen to the sight. The martial tide flowed on, the lengthening regiments growing into twenty thousand men, with a mass of Black Cavalry in its centre, the whole moving toward us, as the sun danced upon its pomp of bayonets, with the solemn step of fate. This was war; compact, well-made, and reasoning war. It was war, too, in all its panoply and glory, as well as in its strength, and we at once comprehended we were beaten."

Competent critics say that Russell, the famous correspondent of the London Times, never wrote anything equal to Wilkes's account of this battle. No father can read with dry eyes the following touching description of the death of a little drummer boy:

"Several fell at this spot, and among others, the favorite drummer boy of the 2d. The poor little fellow was struck by a cannon ball, which took him just below the arm-pits, and literally cut him in two, his childish shriek of pain mingling with the whistle of the rifled shot as his little life went with it down the wind."

Here is his satire upon Gen. McDowell:

"Our enemies, wherever we had met them hand to hand, in anything like open opportunity, had sunk before us; all their batteries immediately within our reach had silenced; but, what was infinitely more conclusive to our green appreciations, General McDowell, our Commander-in-Chief, now came jingling on the field, waving first his glove, and then his hat, calling us 'brave boys,' and telling us with the grand air of Cæsar, that we had won the day. He passed away like a splendid dream. 'A big thing,' in glorious uniform, and branching new regulation hat."

And the following is his description of a youthful commander:

"While the 32d was in this position, the 16th and 31st having passed within its range, a youthful Orderly rode up to Colonel Matheson to inform him that the Black Cavalry, sheltered from his observation by a piece of woods, were coming upon the right, and if he would take a cut with his regiment across the fields, they would be turned back upon their errand.

"The evolution was performed, gave the protection that was desired, and the Black Horse gave up its purpose in that quarter. While the regiment, however, was adhering to this position, the same youth who had imparted the previous suggestion rode up to the regiment again, and told Matheson he had better fall back on Centreville, as his duty at that spot had been thoroughly performed. As this was about the first sign of orders (with one single exception) he had received during the entire day, Matheson felt some curiosity to learn who this young Lieutenant was, and whence these orders came; he therefore turned sharply on the youth, who, he now perceived, could not be more than 22 or 23, and said, 'Young man, I would like to know your name?' The youth replied that he was a son of Quartermaster-General Meigs. 'By whose authority, then, do you deliver me these orders?' was the Californian's next inquiry. The young man smiled, and remarked, 'Well, Sir, the truth is, that for the last few hours I have been giving all the orders for this division, and acting as General, too, for there is no General on the field.' This incident is worthy of our notice among the lessons of the day."

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A LOOK AHEAD

In six weeks from this time, a certain near relative of ours and our readers—an uncle, in fact, not to say an Uncle Samuel—will want, for the supply of a portion of his numerous family, a few articles of winter clothing. Suppose we say, a hundred thousand thick, strong overcoats; half a million suits of woollen under clothing, half a million uniforms warm and serviceable, half a million blankets, and no end of other means of keeping men comfortable by night and day. The same esteemed relative will require rough but comfortable wooden barracks for a hundred thousand men at various points, with rooms attached that are capable of being warmed. In summer, a certain degree of carelessness may exist with regard to the clothing and shelter of an army, without bringing upon it serious injury. At present, a man may sleep half naked in the open air. But winter is sharp and unrelenting, and compels men to use defensive measures. By the middle of September, a man who is out on picket duty at night, or who stands sentry over a camp, wants an overcoat—must have an overcoat, or suffer. By the middle of October, tents begin to be a miserably insufficient shelter. Before that time, soldiers who are stationary should be hutted, or placed in barracks. We trust these things have been thought of. Whatever may be going on in the field next autumn and winter, a very large force will be permanently posted, and for this it is necessary to begin to provide at once.

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TELL US.

We wish some Solomon would settle the question, What is a *gentleman?* Does a gentleman smoke in the street? Does a gentleman spit in a lady's presence? Does a gentleman keep his hat upon his head in her presence, either in a store or parlor? Does he put his feet upon her sofas or chairs? Does he say rude things under cover of "a joke?" Does he ever converse before her on subjects known to be painful to ladies, and which can be as well avoided? Does he annoy respectable ladies by rudely staring at them, or following them in the streets? Does he stand gaping on the church steps to see them pass in and out? We fear, if these questions and many others that might be asked, are to be answered in the negative, the ranks of "gentlemen" in New York would be marvellously thinned out.

FANNY FERN.

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LUXURIES soon cease to be sources of pleasure, and become mere necessaries, the possession of which gives no enjoyment, but the privation of which is a positive pain.

THE HERO'S GRAVE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O lay him not where waters creep
  Unseen and lonely through the glen—
Such graves as his should be beheld
  By all brave-hearted men!
O lay him where the torrent sounds
  Its trumpet on the mountain high,
And eagle-pinions sweep his grave,
  When soaring round the sky!

II.

Upon his every natal day,
  We'll climb unto his lofty rest,
And wreathe the amaranth of Fame
  Above his hallowed breast.
The torrent's trump shall join our hymn
  Of glory in his honor sung;
The only shadow round shall be
  From wings of eagles flung.

III.

We'll sing how he in battle bent
  Upon our Flag his closing eye,
And with his last breath cried "'Tis sweet
  For one's dear Land to die!"
Then slowly from that towering grave
  We will descend the mountain-bars,
And leave him with the laurel crown,
  The torrent and the stars!

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THE △ TRIAD;

OR,

ARNOLD THE TRAITOR.

A ROMANCE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY LIEUT. HENRY L. LANGFORD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE INTERVIEW.

Clara had not been long in her room before Mrs. Arnold knocked and entered. Advancing to Clara with a face expressive of deep sympathy, she kissed her, and sat regarding her in silence for some time.

"Sweet friend," she said at last, "forgive me if I have forgotten your distress in my own trouble."

Clara's reply was a fresh burst of tears.

"Your servant, Uly, told me all last night. I promised her that I would request the General to grant you an interview."

"Oh, my dear, my beloved friend, will you indeed request this for me? If you do, then I will bless you with my latest breath."

"I will—would that I could do more. How gladly would I try to save him altogether, if that were possible. But I dare not mention it. As true as God lives, if it were possible, I would sacrifice myself to save him for you. But the guard is close and the prison is strong, and no earthly power can now save him."

"But oh! this interview. Can I see him? When?"

"Soon—yes, even now, Clara, dearest—even now."

"Now?"

"Yes. The General has come. He has told me all. I knew it would be so. I told him about you. He was moved at the story of your grief, and consented at once. He saw that this could be granted you."

"Blessings on your kind and loving heart. I will never forget your goodness."

"Do not talk of it. But make haste, now, so that you may have all the more time to spend with him whom you love."

It needed no more than this to hasten Clara. In a moment she announced herself ready.

Mrs. Arnold went with her. They entered a boat and passed over to West Point, where Harry was now confined.

In the solitude of his prison he had given himself up to every gloomy thought. The short respite which had been allowed seemed rather a curse than a blessing.

"Better to die at once," he cried, "and end it all, than to perpetuate from day to day this unendurable grief.

"Oh, Clara! oh, my love! where art thou? What crushing violence will the blow summon up when it falls on you! Your love, your truth, your constancy, will all be so many curses to add to your inconsolable grief."

Hour after hour he paced the floor of his prison. Calmness, resignation, endurance were impossible in that first violent outburst of despair.

Suddenly a knock came at his door. He heard the rattle of keys. But he paid no attention. He turned not even when the door opened.

But a sob sounded behind him. He started. He turned.

"Oh, Heavens! Clara!"

With a cry of agony, his dear love rushed to his arms.

They were alone.

In silence they clung to one another, for what were words, in such affliction as that which now crushed them down.

Harry pressed her convulsively to his throbbing heart, nor did he ask when, or how, or why she had come; one only feeling filled his heart—one only thought—and that was that she was here.

At last Clara stammered into voice, and broke the long silence.

"He betrayed you—he tried you—the very judge who was the true criminal."

"You know all, then."

"Do you, then, know it also?"

"Ah, too well!"

"Why, then, did you not tell it all?"

Thereupon Harry told Clara all the story of that eventful night, when in the tree, he had sought to see her face, and had heard the plot of the traitor.

"My cruelty and baseness is never out of my thoughts," murmured Clara. "Oh, what would I give to recall the past few weeks!"

"Hush, darling. Let all be forgotten."

"But they swore to me, and I believed them. When my own father, whom I trusted, charged you with the basest of crimes, could I think that he perjured himself? No—I believed him, though my heart was broken!"

Harry listened in unfeigned amazement. He had never known the cause of Clara's estrangement. A thousand conflicting emotions agitated his breast as he now, for the first time, learned all.

"Ah!" he cried, "I understand now. Before it was all a mystery. Gondo loves you; that explains all."

"He, and no other, is at the bottom of this dark plot. He, and no other, has caught up these slight and trivial circumstances, to weave them into one horrible chain of guilt, from which there can be no escape."

"His power is vast. He is a mystery. He is in league with this arch traitor, and is his right hand in this treason. What he asks of Arnold must be granted. And that is why the General is so inflexible in his hostility to me. I see all now, though I never suspected it before."

Clara did not wish to pain him by telling him of Gondo's violence, but his eager questioning drew all from her. Nothing could exceed his fury, his ungovernable rage.

"Ah!" he cried, "now I lament that I must die! Could I but live one week—but three days, even—I would wreak upon the head of this demon a vengeance that was never known before."

Clara entreated him to be calm, at least for the short time in which they could be together.

"Now," continued Temple, as more and more light seemed to break upon his mind; "now I understand many things which before were mysteries. Yes—this Triad, these Indians, Arnold, Gondo—all are one.

"I saw the body of Poole, and at the next turn I met with Gondo. He had gone on before me, fresh from his horrible work. He is the murderer.

"All the blood that has been shed by the Triad rests upon his head. Oh, that I too should die by him, and have none to avenge me. Could I raise my voice so as to be believed, how gladly could I die. But if I now told these things, they would be regarded as the ravings of a madman or the malicious lies of a desperate criminal.

"Every plot, every treason, must have wide arms to reach through communities, and draw support to itself. It is thus that Arnold has sought to betray his country.

"Where are you now?" said Temple, abruptly changing the subject. "Where do you stay?"

"At Arnold's house."

"Arnold's!"

"Where else can I go?"

"Alas! nowhere. But do you not see that you are in Gondo's power?"

"No," cried Clara; "he dare not harm me there. Mrs. Arnold is my true and loving friend, and no evil can befall me."

"But he may plot against you so as to seize you."

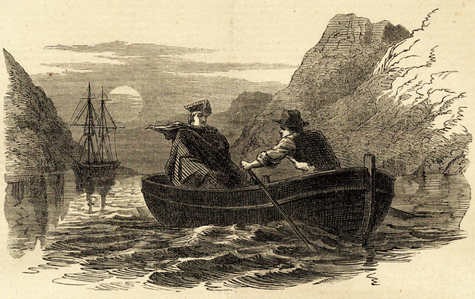
"Impossible!"

"Alas! this man has many resources."

"And if he did succeed, I have one resource," cried Clara.

"What?"

With flushed face and kindling eyes, she put her hand in her breast, and drew forth a gleaming stiletto.



A FATAL ADVENTURE.

"There," said she, "is my refuge, when all others fail."

Temple looked at her in silence. The lofty heroism and elevated spirit which Clara had of late displayed, surprised him into new admiration.

"My glorious Clara!" he cried. "But watch, I implore you. Do not place yourself in danger. See that Mrs. Arnold is not separated from you."

"Alas!" said Clara, "it will soon make but little difference to me what shall become of me."

"Hush, don't talk in this way. You have one other friend, have you not?"

"Yes; Uly."

"By what you have told me she seems true."

"True to death."

"Do not let her be removed."

"Never; but I am afraid something has happened to her."

"What?"

"She has gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, I cannot find her. She left sometime in the night. I had a half-waking dream of her kissing my forehead and bidding me farewell."

"Heavens!" cried Harry, "this too must be Gondo's work."

Clara looked troubled, but said nothing.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Night came on again.

Near the beach, by Arnold's house, there was a strange, weird figure.

It was an Indian woman. She stood in the shadow. Now she looked anxiously over the water, and again looked up towards the window of the room where Clara was sleeping, murmuring:

"My child! my child!"

After a time there came over the water the sound of the measured stroke of oars. At last a boat came slowly into view, and gradually neared the shore. It landed, and a man stepped forth, who walked up toward a grove that lay near the house.

Here he gave a peculiar whistle.

Soon a figure advanced. It was a man, who was enveloped in a voluminous cloak.

"Well, Smith, my good fellow," said the man, "you are here at last."

"Yes, General."

"You are an enterprising fellow, and, of course, would like to make a little money during these hard times."

"Yes, General, I would so."

"There's no risk whatever."

"Well, I'm glad of that, for I don't want to run any risk if I can help it."

"Besides, you know I can give you ample protection."

"Yes, General."

"Well, listen. You see the British man-of-war, the Vulture. On board of that is a man with whom I am engaged in a business speculation. The profits will be thousands of pounds. I will be able to enrich the man who helps me. I like you, and am willing to give you the preference in the matter. Not much is to be done."

"What is it?"

"To take a letter to the Vulture, and bring this business agent on shore, to a place at the foot of the hill at Long Cove, six miles below Stony Point."

The man was silent.

"There's no risk."

"Isn't there though. If I'm seen on the river, I'll be fired at, and if I'm caught, I'll be hanged for a spy."

"Pooh, you're a coward. You'll not be seen if you row quietly, and therefore can't be fired at. As to being caught there's no danger of that. No one will be at Long Cove except myself and the business man; and besides, even if you were, I will give you passes and certificates which will ensure your safety. You know I am ruler here. You can't be harmed without my permission."

"That is true, General," said the man, with greater confidence; then, after a pause he added, "It does seem easy too. I don't know but what I ought to try it."

"You will be a fool if you don't," said Arnold.

"And you think if I row quietly I won't be seen."

"Certainly not. It will be impossible."

"Then I will do it. But what will I get?"

"Almost any amount you wish. Here is something to begin with."

He handed the man a purse full of gold.

The man took it with an eager hand. "That is something like business," he said.

"You see I can afford to be liberal," said Arnold. "This speculation will bring me the wealth of a kingdom. You will have more than you ever dreamed of, if it succeeds. I'll go to your house and start from there by land."

"Then there's no doubt about it. I'll go," said Smith.

"But don't breathe a word about it; if you do I will have to postpone it, and then I will get some one else. Besides if you disappoint me now, I'll make you rue it till your dying day." Arnold's voice grew stern and fierce as he uttered this threat.

"Never fear, General. I am not such a fool as to throw away this chance. It's not many such that come to a poor devil like me."

"Here, then," said Arnold, "is the letter that you are to take. It's merely a request to a person to accompany you."

"All right," said Smith, taking the letter.

"That's all. Now go. I'll see you again to-morrow." The man departed down the way in which he had come.

As he neared the river the Indian woman stepped out from her concealment.

"Will you take me across," said she.

"Oh, yes," said the man, whose prospective fortune had greatly elated him; "step in."

The woman did so.

The boat went out.

Suddenly, when at some distance from the shore, the woman bent towards him and touched his shoulder. In low tones she said, half-mockingly:

"Joshua H. Smith!"

The man started, stopped, and stared at the woman.

"You're going to the Vulture to-morrow night to bring a person ashore."

"What?" cried Smith. "Do you know that?"

"I do, of course," said she. "I am concerned in this business too."

"The devil!" cried Smith, in some alarm. "Does the General know this?"

"No matter," said she, sternly. "I've got something to say to you. Listen:

"You will be safe in going. Go and earn your money. But you must not take that man back."

"Why not?"

"Because if you do you will be fired at, or stopped, or caught. Do you understand? I will prevent you from going back."

The man was silent.

"What do you want me to do," he cried, "you old she devil, coming between me and my good fortune in this way."

"I do not want to harm you."

"What do you want to do?"

"I want that man to be kept on shore."

"I'll have to obey the General," said Smith. "I'll tell him."

"Do if you dare, and you die."

"My God, what do you mean?"

"I do not ask much. It will not concern you. I only say do not take him back."

"I will."

"Then you'll be killed."

"The General will protect me."

"Pooh—they'll hang you as a traitor before he knows you are caught."

Smith felt the truth of this.

"But can I take him ashore in safety?" he whined.

"Yes—and that will be enough for you."

"And how shall I excuse myself to the General?"

"Catch the ague."

"Ah, I see," said Smith.

Thoroughly frightened by the woman's threats, yet anxious to earn the money, he caught at this compromise and promised to do as she said.

"Besides," said the woman, "the vessel will be fired at and they will have to move further down the river."

"Who are you?" cried the man. "You seem to manage things with a pretty high hand too."

"Never mind who I am," said she. "Do as I tell you."

Little more was said until they reached the shore. Then the woman left the boat and glided like a ghost up the road.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DEPARTURE.

On the following night two men stood on the stern of the "Vulture."

One of the two was Major André.

"Well Colonel Robinson," said he in a tone of disappointment, "it has turned out as I feared."

"Oh there's time yet."

"I'm afraid I'll be disappointed again. If I am, I will try it no more. I cannot be plagued with this business, which seems never to come to a conclusion."

"Arnold has need to be cautious, you see."

"But yet it strikes me he is over cautious. The matter would scarcely be suspected if it were known. Here are you, Colonel Beverly Robinson, a man whose property has been confiscated. You are anxious to get it back, or to be recompensed for your unmerited wrongs. This is apparently our business, and our correspondence is about this. The correspondence is known to Washington. It seems easy enough to have a meeting."

"Oh well, I don't think you'll be disappointed now."

While he was speaking André uttered an exclamation.

"There comes a boat."

"Ah!" said Robinson, "so it is. This will be our message then."

Upon this André went down into the cabin and soon returned enveloped in an overcoat.

It was now half past eleven.

The boat moved silently over the water—the oars worked noiselessly. It came like a shadow to the vessel.

An officer on deck hailed it.

"Boat ahoy! Who goes there?"

"Friends," said one of the three men who rowed it.

"Where are you bound?"

"We come from King's Ferry and we're going to Dobb's Ferry."

"Come alongside."

Upon this the boat touched the Vulture, and in a moment one of the men had climbed over her side, and stood on deck.

It was Smith. Robinson came up.

He held out a letter, which Robinson took. Carrying it down to the cabin, he opened it and read it to André.

It was as follows:

"This will be delivered to you by Mr. Smith, who will conduct you to a place of safety. Neither Mr. Smith nor any other person shall be made acquainted with your proposals; if they (which I doubt) are of such a nature that I can officially take notice of them, I shall do it with pleasure. I take it for granted Colonel Robinson will not propose anything that is not for the interest of the United States as well as of himself. ——"

"Very well done," said André, "no one could suspect anything from that letter."

"Confound the letter!" cried Robinson, "why didn't he come himself?"

"Too great risk," said André.

"Then he who gets all the benefit expects to run no risk, while you who get nothing must put yourself in danger."

"I get glory, promotion, and honor," said André. "My country's interests are mine, and she will receive invaluable benefit."

"I advise you not to go."

"Why not?"

"You run too great danger."

"No I don't. I have Arnold's solemn promise of protection."

"Solemn promise," cried Robinson contemptuously; "do you put faith in the promise of a man like that, who is now betraying his country."

"Oh, it is for his interest to protect me."

"But if he finds that he runs any risk he will sacrifice you."

"He dare not. There's no use to try and dissuade me. Since Arnold will not come to me, I will go to him. There's a risk to be run, certainly; but we cannot expect to gain great advantages without running any risk."

"You are determined to go then."

"I am."

"I am sorry," said Robinson. "But I have done my duty. I would cut my throat rather than trust myself on shore on this errand."

"Oh, you are too cautious," said André with a laugh.

Upon this the two went up on deck again.

"Mr. Smith," said Robinson, "this is an invitation to me to go ashore and have an interview of a business nature."

"I know," said Smith.

"Unfortunately, however," said he, "I am too unwell to trust myself on shore at this time. But here is a friend of mine, Mr. John Anderson. He is deputed by me to arrange my affairs. He understands it all, and can do it as well as I can."

"Very well. It's all the same to me," said Smith. "But make haste."

Upon this André descended over the vessel's side into the boat.

The captain of the Vulture was very anxious to send one of his own boats armed to protect this, but Smith and André both objected to it, since it would attract attention. Besides, they were going under a flag of truce, and an armed escort would be quite inappropriate.

Not a word was spoken as the boat moved onward to its destination. André said nothing, but sat communing with his own thoughts. The men were all silent, for they were afraid that the slightest sound might be heard from the bank and attract a hostile fire.

A little after midnight they reached Long Cove.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TREASON.

Among the bushes on the shore at Long Cove Arnold waited in deep anxiety. He had come down from Smith's house on horseback, accompanied by his servant. The man now waited some distance away.

The moment had come. The thoughts that filled his soul were such as men seldom have.

In vain he tried to think of his wrongs, and justify his present course from them. His treachery rose before him in all its appalling magnitude, and the dark future frowned awfully behind it.

He thought of the effect which this would have upon his old comrades, and, above all, he pictured to himself the moment when the dread tidings would reach the ears of the pure, the god-like Washington.

At last, with infinite relief, he saw the boat approach and his visitor step out. He advanced to meet him. Short greetings were exchanged. They then went to the place where Arnold had been concealed.

Smith remained in the boat, the servant was in the distance, and there in darkness, in the solemn hour of midnight, beneath the mysterious shadows of the gloomy hill, these men wrought out their plot against Liberty.

Arnold sought to justify his course to himself and André by telling of all his wrongs, his insults and his slights. To all of which André listened coldly but patiently.

Their interview lasted long. Hour after hour passed away, and still it was far from being concluded. All the different points in this plot were brought forward and fully discussed. For the gigantic soul of Arnold had determined that the plot should be so full, so comprehensive, and so decisive that it would effect the total ruin of American Liberty.

Meanwhile Smith waited in the boat; his mind was made up not to go back to the Vulture, and so he saw with satisfaction that the time was lengthening out toward morning.

At last day dawned, and Smith went up and told them that it was now impossible to go back to the Vulture.

The business was far from being completed, so Arnold urged André to remain until the following night, when he should be sent back to the Vulture.

To this André consented, whereupon the two mounted horses and rode away to Smith's house, passing through the little village of Haverstraw.

Suddenly a guard appeared.

"Stand and give the countersign!" he cried.

A shudder passed through André.

Arnold gave the word and passed on.

"I am within the American lines," he said. "I am lost."

Arnold laughed his fears away, and assured him that his pass would take him through all the lines in the country.

Smith's family had been sent away, so the two men had the house to themselves. Going to an upper room, they continued their business.

Suddenly a cannonade sounded. André started. It struck upon his heart like a funeral knell.

"They're firing somewhere out there," said Smith, looking into the room.

"Look!" cried André, "the Vulture is on fire!"

"No," said Arnold, "our people are firing on the vessel. It must be Livingston's battery."

"That she-devil has done what she said," muttered Smith. "There's no danger of my going back to the Vulture now, anyhow."

They watched the vessel until they saw her weigh anchor and drop down the stream.

At last the business was completed. Arnold gave André a plan of the works at West Point, together with full written explanations, which André concealed inside his stocking and under the sole of his foot. Such concealment they thought perfectly safe, and it was understood that if André got into trouble he would burn them.

Arnold then prepared to go. He advised André to return to New York by land, since the Vulture had been driven down so much further. But André resolved to get to the Vulture if it was possible. Arnold consented to this, and told Smith to take him back again in his boat when night should come.

He then gave a pass to André, which was as follows:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, ROBINSON HOUSE,
September 22, 1780.

"Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains, or below if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction.

"B. ARNOLD, Major-General."

At ten o'clock in the morning Arnold left him.

The day passed wearily. André could not forget that he was in the American lines on an errand which, if known, would subject him to the bitterest of fates. Now he recalled his presentiments, and despair gradually settled over his soul.

At last night came. Calling Smith, he asked him to make haste and take him back to the Vulture.

"I cannot," said Smith.

André was transfixed with horror.

"Cannot! Why?" he faltered.

"I caught a bad ague last night, and am afraid," said Smith.

"Do you mean to say that you will betray me in this way?" cried André.

"Betray! Oh, no. I'll tell you what I will do: I'll go down with you on horseback as far as King's Ferry, and see you safely into the lower country, so that you can get to New York."

"But why not take me to the Vulture at once?" said André. "If you can ride on horseback, surely you can row. The Vulture has come back again, too, and is in her old place."

"It is not to be thought of," said Smith, obstinately.

André's soul sunk within him. He pleaded with Smith, but to no purpose. At last he was forced to consent to the land route.

And now, at Smith's suggestion, he laid aside his military garb and put on a citizen's coat. This increased his humiliation, and heightened his sense of impending peril.

Then they started, accompanied by a negro servant, and at sundown they arrived at King's Ferry. Crossing over to Verplank's point, they travelled for eight miles on the road toward White Plains, in silence and anxiety.

Smith tried to engage in conversation with André, but the latter avoided it, and was afraid at every word of disclosing his true character.

At nine o'clock they were stopped near Crompond.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel.

Smith instantly dismounted and stepped forward.

"Who is the captain?" said he.

"Captain Boyd."

At this mention of his name, the captain came forward. He seemed to be very suspicious. He asked Smith his name, and tormented him with a thousand questions. But Smith answered everything with promptness.

"It's all right," said Smith. "You needn't be so particular. I have a pass from General Arnold."

"Oh, you have, have you? By the way, how far are you going to-night?"

"As far as Major Strang's or Colonel Drake's."

"What are you talking about?" said Boyd. "Don't you know that Strang is away from home and Drake has moved to another place?"

"No," said Smith.

"I'll trouble you to let me see that pass," said the captain.

Smith handed it to him at once.

The captain took it, and walked on with them for a little distance to a house to get a light. André trembled in deep anxiety, but finally the captain was satisfied, and allowed them to go on.

But he asked Smith confidentially what business was taking him over so dangerous a road, to which Smith replied that they were going on urgent business, to meet a friend of General Arnold's, at White Plains, from whom they expected to receive important intelligence. The captain advised them not to go on that night, for the Cow Boys were out, but urged them to stay all night at the house of Mr. Andrew Miller.

Smith told this to André, but he would not listen to it for a moment. Then he brought Captain Boyd, and they both argued with André. But André was not to be persuaded. He well knew that every moment was pregnant with a thousand dangers.

He asked Boyd which was the safest road to White Plains, to which Boyd replied that the North Castle road was the safest, for the Cow Boys were out on the other Tarrytown road. This André bore in mind carefully.

Smith at last ended the argument by declaring that he could go no further that night, and that *he*, at least, would stop at Miller's.

There was no help for it, so André had to consent. They slept in the same bed, but André did not close his eyes. Fast and furiously his heart beat, every noise startled him, every sound seemed to herald his discovery. But the night passed safely, and in the morning they resumed their journey, until they arrived near Pine's Bridge, where Smith bade André farewell and returned.

Some hours after André had left Miller's house, the sound of rapid gallopping arose up the road, and a party of horsemen rode up to the house. At their head was a wild female figure, who clung to the horse which she bestrode, her eyes flashing, her long, weird, white locks streaming behind her.

"Where are the travellers that stopped here last night?" asked the leader.

"Gone—Captain Boyd——"

"When did they go?"

"Several hours ago."

"Several hours? They must be a great distance ahead."

"Oh, yes."

"And they'll keep ahead. There's no use going any further. We can't catch them."

"Gone!" screamed the Indian woman, "gone!"

"Yes—why?"

"He's a British spy!" cried she.

"Nonsense! That's what this thing says, but that's all nonsense."

"It's true as Heaven!"

"Why, I tell you I saw his pass. It was signed by General Arnold."

"Arnold, too, is a traitor!"

"Come, come," said Boyd, with a sneer; "we've been led on a nice errand by this crazy squaw. Let's hurry back."

The woman seemed crushed. Slowly and silently she walked out. Raising her thin arms on high, she cried, in piercing tones:

"Oh, God! gone! escaped! Lost! all lost! Is it thus that I am cheated of vengeance!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE WAY OF AGONY.

There was a place in the road where the way divided and led off in two different directions.

Here André came to a pause. It was the crisis of his fate.

Not yet had he escaped from the fear that filled his soul. A dread gloom overshadowed him. Like an avenging Nemesis, that Liberty which he had plotted to destroy now awaited to hurl down ruin and retribution upon his devoted head.

At the fork of the road he came to a pause.

One led to White Plains, into the interior of the country.

The other led along the banks of the Hudson.

Smith had advised him to take the left hand road, as it was much less disturbed. But he had remembered what Captain Boyd told him about the Cow Boys being out on the Tarrytown road.

The Cow Boys were Royalists; they were not at all scrupulous as to whom they plundered, but still the Americans suffered chiefly from their depredations. At the very worst André thought he would have but little to fear from them.

He therefore decided to take the Tarrytown road.

Thus far had he gone on his dread journey, and had passed unscathed through a thousand perils. Upon that lone traveller depended the safety of America. He carried about him the key to a stronghold from which the invader could strike a crushing and probably a decisive blow.

But a stronger than human power was guarding the new-born home of freedom and watching over the destinies of our glorious country. When the power, the watchfulness, and the jealous vigilance of the armies of Liberty had been all frustrated, the hearts of a few simple young farmers were inspired by a kind of divine impulse, which led them forth to watch on that road, and on that day.

John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams, let their names be remembered forever in the annals of a grateful country.

It was on Saturday morning, the twenty-third of September, that these men waited on the side of the road, about a mile and a half above Tarrytown.

They had come out with the intention of stopping and examining travellers. How the idea originated they could not explain. The devout mind will recognize in this an impulse from on High.

From eight o'clock they had waited until about half past nine, when their attention was directed to a traveller.

"See," said one of them to Paulding, "there comes a gentleman-like looking man, who appears to be well dressed, and has boots on, and whom you had better step out and stop if you don't know him."

Paulding arose, and advancing into the road, waited for the traveller. As soon as he came up he presented his gun at his breast and said:

"Stand!"

The traveller obeyed.

Paulding then inquired where he was going.

"Gentlemen,' said the traveller, "I hope you belong to our party."

"What party?"

"The lower party."

"Yes, we do."

"I am a British officer," said the traveller, "out of the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute."

Saying this he pulled out his watch.

The young men noticed the action, but whether it was intended to show that he was an officer, or to bribe them to let him pass, they did not stop to consider.

"Dismount," said Paulding.

The officer obeyed, saying:

"My God! I must do anything to get along. See! It is no use to detain me. I have a pass."

"A pass?" said they. "Let us look." Upon this they examined it.

"Gentlemen," continued the officer, "you had best let me go, or you will bring yourselves into trouble, for your stopping me will detain the General's business. I am going to Dobb's Ferry, to meet a person there, and get intelligence for General Arnold."

"I thought you said you were a British officer. It is not very likely that General Arnold would send out a British officer to do his business. I hope you will not be offended. We do not mean to take anything from you, but there are a great many bad people who are going along the road, and how do we know but perhaps you may be one."

André was silent.

"What is your name?" inquired Paulding.

"John Anderson."

"Don't you see that your statements don't harmonize exactly," said Paulding. "We should indeed be mad if we were now to let you go after you have yourself confessed that you were an enemy."

"I did not say I was an enemy," said André. "You said you belonged to the lower party, and I said that I was a British officer. My object was to go on without delay. My statement was an offset to yours. If you had said that you were Americans, it would have been all right."

"You must submit to an examination," said Paulding. "If you are a true man, you will not object; you will only fear if you are an enemy. So step in behind the bushes, and we will examine whether you have any dangerous dispatches."

At these words a cold chill passed through André's frame—he felt as if his hour had come.

They took him in behind the bushes, and ordered him to pull off his clothes.

He did so.

One by one they searched his garments, but failed to find anything whatever. André preserved his calmness as well as he could, and only remarked that they would find nothing.

He did not touch his boots, and these sharp searchers soon noticed this.

"Take off your boots," said Paulding.

André hesitated.

"What's the use?" said he.

"No matter. Take them off."

He slowly took off one boot.

They searched it, but found nothing.

"Take off the other."

He did so.

They found nothing in the boot. But nothing could escape the keen gaze of these men. They noticed something about his stocking.

"Take off your stockings," said they, remorselessly.

He was lost!

He took off his stocking. The men seized the papers and opened them. There were three papers.

"Good God!" cried they, as the whole truth burst upon them; "General Arnold himself!"

Horror deprived them of utterance.

But they were not yet satisfied. Forcing him to take off his other stocking, they found there three more papers.

All was known.

They spread out these papers and read the contents, and gradually saw all the hight and depth, and length and breadth of this fearful scheme of treachery.

In low murmured words they expressed to one another their deep emotions of horror and amazement.

At length they turned to their prisoner. He was deathly pale—despair reigned in his heart.

They told him to put on his clothes, and in silence he dressed himself again.

They all looked at him in silence.

Williams then spoke:

"What would you give us to let you go."

André's eye brightened with hope, life, liberty, home, all dawned before him again at that question.

"Any sum of money," he said, "that you can name."

"Would you give us your horse, saddle, bridle and watch?"

"Yes."

"Would you add a hundred guineas to them?"

"Yes, and more too; and I will direct them to any place that you mention, even if it is this very spot."

"Would you not give us more?"

"More! Yes, anything. I will give you any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and I will send it, or bring it, to any place that you may pitch upon, so that you may be sure to get it."

Paulding then looked earnestly at him, and, in solemn tones spoke:

"Sir, all this would be nothing. No, if you were to give us ten thousand guineas you should not stir one step!"

Then the last vestige of lingering hope died out utterly in André's heart, and he saw that all was indeed lost.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

MENTAL EXCITEMENT.

Bad news weakens the action of the heart, oppresses the lungs, destroys the appetite, stops digestion, and partially suspends all the functions of the system. An emotion of shame flushes the face; fear blanches it; and an instant thrill electrifies a million of nerves. Suprise spurs the pulse into a gallop. Delirium infuses great energy. Volition commands, and hundreds of muscles spring to execute. Powerful emotion often kills the body at a stroke: Obilo, Diagaros, and Sophocles died of joy at the Grecian games. The news of a defeat killed Philip V. The doorkeeper of Congress expired upon hearing of the surrender of Cornwallis. Eminent public speakers have often died in the midst of an impassioned burst of eloquence, or when the deep emotion that produced it suddenly subsided. Largrave, the young Parisian, died whe he heard that the musical prize for which he had competed was adjudged to another.

* * *

MORAL EVIL.—We remember once being in company with a venerable and distinguished clergyman, when a forward young man asked him, "Pray, sir, what do you think of the entrance of moral evil?" "Sir, I never think about it," he said; "I know nothing about it. I know there is a remedy for it; and there, sir, all my knowledge begins, and all my knowledge ends."

* * *

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew-drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

AMONG THE SENORAS.

BY DR. S. COMPTON SMITH.

Stretched upon the greensward, under the inviting shade of the *Alameda* of Saltillo, were a group of volunteer soldiers. Their features, still pale from recent confinement, and the sticks and crutches by their sides, with here and there a bandaged limb exposed to view, told that they were some of those gallant fellows, now convalescent from wounds received a few weeks before upon the neighboring field of Buena Vista.

They were all young men, and it was plain to see that they claimed the far-off North as their home. It was evident, also, from their conversation, that at that moment their thoughts were among their distant friends. They had been permitted, for the first time, to leave their hospital, to inhale in this beautiful grove, the pure, health-giving breath of the mountains, gently stirring the fragrant blossoms about them, and as would naturally be the case after being so long shut up within the walls of the old convent, the fresh breeze, the flowers, the green grass, the musical fountains, and the rich foliage of the trees about them, with the view of the grand old mountains towering in the distance, made their bosoms thrill with delight, and notwithstanding their swathed and crippled limbs, they gave themselves up to the careless abandon of happy schoolboys.

Recognizing in this group a number of old acquaintances, I joined them, and seating myself upon the grass among them, took part with them in their random conversation. I had been with them but a few moments, when a carriage containing a little party of Mexican ladies passed the spot, and in doing so the señoritas, with characteristic grace and courtesy, returned our salutations, and playfully scattered handfuls of bouquets at our feet, smiling and waving their handkerchiefs as they disappeared round a turn of the drive.

This little incident immediately changed the current of our conversation, and the women of the country became the subject.

"I tell you what is a fact, boys," exclaimed one of the group, named Charlie Everett, "in getting up this Mexican people a great mistake was made. The *greasers* were put together without souls, while all the *manliness* of the nation was bestowed upon the women, God bless them!"

"*That's so!*" was the simultaneous reply. "They're good, kind souls, are these here señoritas," said one, "and I'm yet to hear of the first *Mexicana* who hasn't a heart running over with human kindness. I don't know, Charlie, what some of us chaps would ha' done if it hadn't a been for them that brought us knick-knacks, and nursed us like mothers and sisters in the hospital yonder. I reckon, in spite of the doctors, more on us would have lost the numbers of our messes than did, if it hadn't a been for them. It makes me almost ashamed that I ever volunteered to fight their people."

"That's my fix, Ned!" joined in another, "and it bothers me how it's possible that the men can be so much like the sneaking wolves of the chaparral, when the women are such angels of mercy and forgiveness."

"Well, I reckon I can explain that," replied the individual addressed. "It's because the dear creatures have so much goodness that there's none left for the greasers, and they're mean as snakes."

"They are not only kind-hearted and loving, these fair Mexicanas, but they are also brave, fearless souls when danger assails them, and it's a pity they couldn't change places with the *hombres*," resumed Charlie. "And that reminds me, boys, of our little adventure among the señoras of San Juan de los Minas, and as all of you may not have heard the story, I will tell it."

"That's right, Charlie! Give us the story!" we all exclaimed, as we fixed ourselves in a good position for listening.

"Well, then," he commenced, "you remember the time when a part of our company were detailed to reconnoiter the country in the direction of Victoria, from which it was reported a large force of the enemy was advancing upon us?"

"Yes! yes! we remember. It was at the time Lieutenant Holman was a prisoner, and his comrades were murdered by the greasers, wa'nt it?"

"Just so, boys. You see, we had camped one night on a little stream, where there was plenty of grass; and as our animals had had a hard day's work, and were hungry, we tied them out in the bushes, where they could graze their fill. They were outside the line of sentinels, and when daylight came, and we were ready to re-saddle, we found to our chagrin that one half of them had been stolen by the greasers. Among them was my own noble gray, as gallant a steed as ever cropt grass in the old Illinois State.

"Well, we discovered by the signs that the thieves did not number more than three or four; and there was a young Mexican with us who said he knew all the country thereabouts, and could easily follow on their trail, if any of the boys were disposed to recover their animals. So, taking him as a guide, Lieutenant Holman and three of our fellows started out in pursuit. We were to remain in camp till they returned, for we had no doubt they would soon overtake the rascals and bring back the horses.

But we waited all that day, and the next, and still our friends did not make their appearance. At length, on the third day, fearful of foul play, Frank Sprague, our orderly sergeant, was sent out with eight men, including myself, to ascertain the fate of our comrades.

"We had not been absent from the camp but a few hours, when, coming to the edge of a deep gulley, we found among the prickly pears a hat, which we recognized as having belonged to our Mexican; and close at hand were the marks of a struggle in the flinty soil, with stains of blood upon the stones and leaves. A closer examination showed us where a body had been dragged to the edge of the gulley, and after, with some difficulty clambering to the dry bed of a winter torrent below, we found the dead body of the guide. He had been shot through the body, and afterwards dispatched with knives.

"A still closer scrutiny of the locality also revealed to us the mutilated corpses of the other companions of the lieutenant, but the body of the young officer was nowhere found, and we congratulated ourselves that he had escaped the fate of his comrades, and might then be wandering in the chaparral. For hours we searched the thicket, but nothing more than the trail of the stolen horses could be found. This we followed till near night, when, on turning an abrupt spur of the hills, we came suddenly in sight of the little rancho with the extensive name of *San Juan de las Minas*, or San Juan of the Mines, for it was in the vicinity of an old abandoned silver mine. It had been once a considerable village, but now consisted only of a few strongly-built adobe dwellings, and was apparently occupied as a cattle ranche.

"Sad, weary, hungry and foot-sore, we hailed this discovery with joy, for we had no doubt we would at least find rest and refreshment, till the following morning, when we were determined to follow up the trail of the stolen horses.

"We had caught a glance of this promising haven of repose only, when Frank Sprague, who was in advance, stopped suddenly in the path, and throwing himself upon the ground, motioned us to follow his example.

"'What's up now, Frank?' I inquired, as I stretched myself by his side.

"'Look yonder, Charlie; we have holed the cutthroats! That ranche is full of greasers; and over yonder, in the corral, beyond the houses, are our horses! Don't you see? there's the captain's nag; and there's Bill Mason's sorrel; and there's your gray Pontiac, and all the rest of them!'

"I looked in the direction the sergeant indicated, and there, sure enough, were all our stolen horses and the animals poor Holman and his companions had ridden away from the camp, in pursuit of the thieves.

"Besides these, there were in another corral some score of Mexican horses, whose backs, still wet with saddle marks, plainly showed that they had just been ridden there.

"'I tell you, boys,' said Frank, 'the ranche is full of greasers. They are doubtless some of the gang of Canales' cutthroat guerillas; and it was them who stole our horses and murdered our friends. Now, you know we must have our property, and avenge the deaths of the boys. But there are only nine of us, while to judge from the number of saddle horses in yonder corral, there are more than three times that number of greasers——'

"'Well, what of that, sergeant?' we all exclaimed, interrupting him; 'what are three to one, or even twice that number! We can whip them, and let us pitch in!'

"'Hold, boys! Yes, we could whip them easy enough in a fair fight; but you forget they have greatly the advantage of us, in the protection of them strong adobe walls. We must have recourse to stratagem, and attempt no attack till night. So let us creep cautiously among the thickets till then, and by the light of the moon give them the best we have.'

"After a few moments spent in consultation, it was agreed to secrete ourselves till darkness should enable us to come upon the place unawares. It was a wild and broken spot where we were, and we had no difficulty in finding hiding-places, while at the same time we could overlook the ranche, and observe all that was going on outside the walls.

"We saw enough to satisfy us that it was in possession of a large body of guerillas, who were engaged at little fires within the courts, preparing their evening meal. The breeze bore to our nostrils the fragrance of roasting kid and mutton, which by no means diminished our determination to possess ourselves of the place, or make a desperate effort for it.

"Fortunately for our plans, the sun went down behind the mountains in a bank of clouds, and the brief twilight was succeeded by a darkness which promised to be of some hours duration, and to favor our attack.

"At the foot of the hill on which we were, and surrounded by a low adobe wall, was the largest building of the ranche, and this seemed to be occupied by the main party of guerillas, while the court-yards of those beyond were occupied mostly by horses feeding upon the grain of the rancheros.

"We could look directly down upon the azotea, or flat roof, of the main building, which was reached from below by a narrow scuttle or trap-door. The place, like all Mexican country dwellings, was without windows, with only one entrance to the one great room within. By the side of this house was a low, thatched "leanto," probably sometimes used by the occupants as a kitchen or store-room. The ascent to the roof of this was easy, and from that to the main building there were but a few feet of rough wall to climb to the azotea.

"All these things we had reconnoitered from our hiding-places, and our mode of attack was arranged accordingly.

"Soon as the fires were extinguished in the ranche, and we were satisfied that the greasers, doubtless wearied from a hard day's ride, had retired to the buildings, our plans were put into execution.

"First we recapped our revolvers and carbines, and then, filling our haversacks with small cobble stones from the stream at the foot of the hill, we directed our course cautiously, and in silence, to the first building. With cat-like tread we reached the outbuilding, ascended its roof, and without a challenge climbed to the azotea of the large building.

"Ascertaining that we had all reached the roof, the sergeant whispered: 'Now, boys, we'll soon clear the ranche of these rats; for unless I'm greatly mistaken in greaser courage, the first lattoo of these chaps on their heads"—tapping his haversack as he spoke—"will send them swarming to the chaparral. They'll think the day of judgment has come upon them with its big hail. Now for the trap!' And four of us, each taking hold of a side, lifted it noiselessly from its place to the roof. As we did so, a rush of heated air, and a confused sound of deep breathings, told us that the room below was full of sleeping men.

"'Wake 'em up now, boys, with a touch of Camanche!' shouted Frank Sprague, as we leaned over the opening, each hand armed with a cobble stone.

"The sergeant's voice was drowned in a wild Indian-like yell from every throat of us; and before the startled and bewildered greasers had sprung to their feet, we hurled down upon them the contents of our haversacks, and then in rapid succession, poured upon them a deadly fire from our revolvers.

"Howls, groans, and cries of terror filled the place; and those who had escaped our destructive missiles, bursting open the door of the house, rushed terror-stricken from the ranche, arousing their comrades in the other building with the terrible cry of '*Indios! Indios!*'

"'Ha! ha! ha!' shouted Frank, 'that was well done boys. As we expected, the cowardly hounds have taken us for Camanches, and that's the last we shall see of them. They'll not stop to number mess-mates till they've put at least a good league between them and us!'

"At this moment the broad disc of the moon, which had been veiled by the clouds, emerged to view, and her light showed that the streets of the ranche were clear; and in the distance, making for the nearest chaparral, could be seen the panic-stricken guerillas, in headlong retreat, none halting long enough to mount their horses, which were still tethered in the corrals, as we had first seen them.

"Again the clouds crept over the moon, and we were once more surrounded by darkness. And as we could not gather up our horses and start for camp till the return of daylight, we started forth in a body to reconnoiter the place, in search for the supplies we so much needed. Still, to keep up the deception, we imitated the wild whoop of the savages, with which the poor rancheros were too familiar, for they had annually suffered from their awful visitations.

"We were passing a low, but strong building, partially fortified, as many of the dwellings usually are in a Mexican village, when to our great surprise, we were hailed by a discharge of escopets directed upon us from loop holes cut through the adobes. Fortunately the guns were badly aimed, and the shots rattled against the opposite building, above our heads, and fell harmlessly at our feet.

"We lost no time, but before they could give us another round, made a rush to the door of the house, where covered by the thick walls, we would be less exposed to the shots from within. Still, however, those in possession of the house continued to blaze away at random, in a manner that satisfied us that though they were not very skillful soldiers, they were well supplied with ammunition, and were determined to keep us at bay.

"What could we do? They were safely protected behind their walls—our weapons were harmless, situated as we were, and after a hurried consultation, we concluded to leave the spot, and waiting for the return of the morning light, then decide upon some mode of routing the enemy from their stronghold.

"While in low tones we kept up our conversation, and were withdrawing along the walls, the Mexicans ceased their firing, apparently listening to our words.

"'They are *not Camanches!* Oh! they are *not* Indios! they are *Americanos*—thanks to our Mother of God!' we heard, uttered in the soft tones of a woman's voice. And then we heard the same musical voice addressed to some one within:

"'Speak to them Señor! They are your own countrymen, I'm sure! Oh, thanks be to the Blessed Virgin! they are not those terrible Camanches! We and our darlings are now safe! Speak, Señor, speak to them!'

"And then we heard a feeble, but manly voice, ask in English if we were Americans.

"'Good Heavens!' exclaimed Frank Sprague, 'I know that voice! It's Lieutenant Holman's, and he lives! Yes! yes! Lieutenant!' he shouted, 'we *are* friends, and we've come in search of you! But what does this mean? We thought we had driven all the greasers from the ranche.'

"'And so you have, for aught we know, boys,' answered the other. 'But come in, we're all friends here.'

"While this hurried conversation was carried on, the door was unfastened, and returning to it, we entered the house. It was filled only with Mexican *women* and *girls;* while wounded and confined to a cot in a corner of the room, lay our young Lieutenant. His story was soon told—when his little party was attacked by the guerillas, and his companions murdered, he was badly wounded, and taken prisoner to the ranche of San Juan, where his captors in revenge for the loss of some of their own men, determined to put him to death. He was, however, secreted by the women of the place, who took him for safe keeping from the guerillas, to the house where we found him. Here they stood guard over him, keeping the cutthroats at a respectful distance, and being well armed with the weapons of the cowardly troop, which they had possessed themselves of, were prepared to defend themselves against the supposed Indians, when the rascals fled so precipitately from the place.

"There boys," concluded Charlie Everett, as he resumed the crutch he had thrown among the flowers, "there was a specimen of true Mexican women, God bless them! When daylight came, they had prepared a feast of roast kid, *tortillas*, and *chocoláte* for us, which you better believe we did justice to; and when the sun was three hours high, we rode into our little camp with every stolen horse, and our wounded lieutenant suspended in a comfortable litter between a couple of the gentlest of them. So much for *los Senoras!*"

* * *

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

Now 'gan his heart to dwell in jollity,
And of himself great hope and help conceived,
That puffed up with the smoke of vanity,
And with self-loved personage deceived. SPENSER.

Our readers have not forgotten the interview between Clarisse and her admirer, Lord St. George, in the park, or how the former cleverly played off the vanity of the youthful peer to obtain the information she required. His lordship was one of those empty-headed coxcombs who disbelieve in female virtue, on the same principle that ignorant persons refuse to acknowledge the great verities of science simply because they cannot comprehend them. The pretty ballet girl, he felt assured, only wanted an excuse to yield to his persuasive eloquence—her heart he looked upon as half won already.

The wonder was, not that she had resisted his offers so long, but that she had resisted them at all. He was young, rich, and handsome—Clarisse poor. Had she been highly born, or even rich, he could more readily have understood it; but poor—ridiculous! What right had poverty to be virtuous?

Such, unfortunately, are the opinions of too many of our young men of fashion—opinions which experience, skimming the scum floating on the surface of humanity, daily gives the lie to. Female purity, even in the humblest walks of life, is far from being the myth the fast young fellows of the present day pronounce it.

Half confident and half doubting whether the object of what he was pleased to call his love would give him the rendezvous he had suggested, Lord St. George drove to the Retreat, and great was his delight when he perceived Clarisse walking in the green lane, like a sentinel on duty in front of the villa. The idea that she had been *waiting* for him flattered his vanity.

"Poor thing!" he murmured, twisting the ends of his incipient moustache, to give them something resembling a curl, "I dare say I shall grow deusedly fond of her; no doubt she is thinking of me."

The thoughts of the ballet girl at that moment were of one whom his lordship would have looked upon with superb disdain, as a rival, but who, in every noble and manly quality, was far more worthy of occupying a place in her heart.

Throwing the reins to one of his grooms, he sprang from the curricle and joined her.

"Lord St. George!" ejaculated Clarisse, in the greatest astonishment.

"Dined at the mess; couldn't get away sooner, 'pon my honor. Hope you have not been waiting for me long."

"Waiting! Waiting for you!"

"Anything, my sweetest girl—anything to atone."

So exquisitely ridiculous did the vanity of the speaker appear, that Clarisse could scarcely keep herself from laughing in his face. A feeling of the respect due to herself restrained her.

"It is almost absurd to ask the question," she replied. "But does your lordship really imagine I came here to meet you?"

"Who else, *mon ange?*"

"*Quel accent!*" interrupted the *danseuse*, her usual resource when any one addressed her in French. "Do speak English, my lord; you *are* intelligible in that."

"Consider my feelings," said the young man, trying to look sentimental; "couldn't help the delay—'pon my soul, I couldn't. Don't punish me too severely."

"You have not answered my question yet," observed the ballet girl, gravely.

"Of course I do, after our meeting in the park."

"Accident!" exclaimed Clarisse, coloring slightly, for it was not quite so accidental, as our readers are aware.

"At least," she added, with genuine love of truth, "my finding your lordship there."

"You came to look for me, then?"

"Yes."

The peer gave his moustache another twirl, and attempted to steal his arm round her waist. It was repulsed with an energy he little expected, after such an avowal.

"And now, my lord," continued Clarisse, "I will tell you why I walked in the park, why I wished to meet you. I wanted the address of Madame's place at Brompton, and knew you could give it to me."

"But it was to meet me there, my sweet——"

"It was to rescue my friend, Clara Cleret, from the hands of an unprincipled woman, who would sacrifice her to a man still more unprincipled than herself."

"In other words," exclaimed her admirer, in a tone of mortification, "you came to mystify me?"

The *danseuse* made him one of her prettiest courtesies.

"To make me ridiculous," added the gentleman.

"Your lordship endures it so well," replied the ballet girl, with a satirical smile, "and one, more or less——"

"Thank you, Mademoiselle."

Clarisse made him a second courtesy.

"Did it never strike you," added his lordship, whose mortification at discovering that he had been played with was gradually giving way to rage, "that the game might prove dangerous?"

"Never!"

"That I might resent it?"

"*By beating me!*"

"Beating you!" repeated the peer. "I am a gentleman."

"I am glad of that," replied Clarisse, somewhat less scornfully. "From your threatening a woman, I thought it possible you were only a lord."

By this time the curricle had overtaken them. Its master said something in French to the servants—one of them sprang from the seat, and, clasping the ballet girl round the waist, attempted to force her into the carriage, which, after a violent effort, he accomplished.

The shrieks which alarmed Adam Hayes were explained.

The vehicle was still in sight when the gallant fellow leaped the hedge; with the speed of a deer he followed it, and soon succeeded in seizing the head-reins of the horses.

"Drive over the rascal," shouted Lord St. George; "what does the fellow mean?"

The coachman lashed them in vain—it was a strong arm that held them.

"Save me, Adam! save me!" cried Clarisse, and at the same instant the voices of Harold and his friend were heard.

Desperate at the thought of being disappointed of his victim, his lordship caught the whip from the hand of the coachman, and, with the butt end, tried to strike Adam over the head with it; one or two blows reached him, still the gallant fellow held on.

The shrieks of the ballet girl were changed for cries of murder.

"Did you hear that?" demanded our hero.

"I dare not leave Clara," replied Tom, who still held the half fainting girl in his arms.

"Murder! help, help!"

The young farmer drew a pistol—he had come armed—from his pocket, and placed it in the hand of Harold, who, cool and collected—as the courageous generally are in the moment of danger—hastened to the assistance of Adam, who sank at last beneath the blows his brutal assailant showered upon his unprotected head.

"Drive on!" shouted his lordship; "lash the horses!"

A grasp firm as the first, but governed by a cooler judgment, restrained and threw them back upon their haunches.

Again their noble owner attempted to use the butt-end of his whip, striking wildly and at random; our hero saw the danger, and drawing out his knife, cut the traces.

The terrified animals, finding themselves thus suddenly released, galloped frantically down the lane, and quickly disappeared, leaving the carriage and its master uninjured.

"By what right, sir," demanded the peer, haughtily, "do you presume to commit this outrage?"

In his excitement the speaker had alighted from the curricle, and Clarisse was left only in the guard of the servant who had first seized her.

"The right of manhood," replied Harold.

"Pshaw!"

"I thought you would not understand the answer when I gave it," said our hero; "you speak of outrage, you who, to all appearance, are a murderer, a cowardly assassin!"

He pointed to the body of Adam as he spoke.

"The fellow can't be much hurt," replied his lordship.

"At any rate, I shall not part with you till I have ascertained the extent of his injuries."

The hackney coach drove up to the horseless curricle, and Tom Mayfield, leaving Clara under the care of the driver, alighted, thus rendering the odds, in the event of a contest, more equal.

One blow from his strong fist proved sufficient to induce the fellow who detained Clarisse to release his grasp. The poor girl sprang to the ground, and seating herself by the side of her cousin, raised his head upon her lap.

The features were disfigured by blood.

"They have murdered him," she sobbed, "for me—for me!"

A faint groan was the first intimation that the spirit of the gallant fellow had not yet fled.

"Remain with the carriage," said Lord St. George, addressing the servants; "I will send you assistance as speedily as possible."

He turned upon his heel, and would have walked away without casting a glance upon the victim of his cowardly and brutal attack.

"I shall not lose sight of you," said Harold, facing him.

"Ridiculous!"

"You must answer to a magistrate."

"Upon what charge?"

"Murder, I fear; but, at best, for a most wanton and dastardly outrage."

"Here is my card," exclaimed his lordship, tossing it towards the speaker. "Read—you can read, I suppose? You will find that I am a peer."

"Were you a prince," said Tom, grasping him by the collar, "you should not escape me. Adam Hayes is dying!"

His assailant began to suspect that he had placed himself in an awkward position, and called loudly to his domestics to assist him. The men, being probably of the same opinion as their master, had prudently sneaked off, crept through the hedges that skirted the lane on either side, and disappeared as fast as their legs could carry them, in different directions.

Harold suggested the necessity of procuring surgical aid instantly. Clarisse and her cousin were placed in the hackney-coach.

"Have you any rope?" asked Tom.

The driver handed him several pieces which he was in the habit of using for securing luggage, &c.

With these the young farmer bound the arms and legs of Lord St. George in a manner that precluded all possibility of his escaping, and, despite his indignant remonstrances, hoisted him on the coach-box.

"Rascal, you shall repent this!" exclaimed the angry peer.

Tom made no reply—he was too brave to insult a defenceless man, however criminal.

The honest baker was wondering what could detain his nephew and daughter so long, when a coach drove up to the door.

"Susan," he exclaimed, in a reproachful tone, when he beheld the pitiable state to which Adam was reduced, "is this the end of all your promises?"

The weeping girl would have kissed him, but he pushed her angrily away; it was the first time he had ever done so, and she felt it keenly.

"You are in error, sir," said Harold, gravely; "your daughter has acted nobly, most nobly. Any father might feel proud of her."

The old man regarded him doubtfully.

"She has saved from destruction one as innocent and virtuous as herself."

"God bless her for it, then!" murmured her father; "but she has nearly broken my heart."

Clarisse did not forget the words; they sank into her own.

Adam was carefully removed into the house, and the most eminent surgeon in the neighborhood sent for.

He pronounced the injuries most serious, adding that, if inflammation followed, they in all probability would end fatally.

From the baker's, the coachman was directed, before they proceeded to Princess street, to drive to the police office, in order that they might deposit their prisoner, who remained all this while attached to the box.

When Clarisse—we shall call her so for a time longer—heard that her evidence would be necessary, she dried her tears, and declared herself ready to accompany them.

"Perhaps to-morrow will do as well," observed our hero, who pitied her agitation, and feared the reaction of the terrible excitement she had undergone.

"You need not spare me," she replied. "To-morrow I shall have other duties to perform."

"Practising day again!" murmured her father, despondingly.

This time, however, his thoughts had wronged her.

To the great indignation of the witnesses, the magistrate before whom Lord St. George was taken decided upon accepting heavy bail for his appearance on the following day. Perhaps he was not altogether wrong, as the family solicitor, who had been sent for, urged that, however unjustifiable his lordship's conduct in attempting to carry off Clarisse, it was possible that he mistook Adam Hayes for a highwayman; that the man was not dead; that, in the absence of medical certificates, it was more than probable he would recover; that his client had already been severely punished by the disgraceful exposure, and the ridicule it would entail.

The reporters appeared in high glee, and plied their pens right willingly—the affair promised to be a profitable one for them.

They were not mistaken, for Mr. Silvertongue, directly after the magistrate's decision to accept bail, had a highly satisfactory interview with them. Not a single report appeared in any of the morning papers.

Press of matter, no doubt!

We have known it occur on many similar occasions.

It was nearly midnight before the friends arrived in Princess street, and poor Clara felt so exhausted from the excitement she had undergone, that she had to be carried by Tom into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Page received her with smiles and tears. The worthy woman had felt more keenly than she cared to acknowledge, even to herself, the absence of her lodger. As to Bianca and Harry, they welcomed her as they would have welcomed a long-lost sister.

The first word pronounced by the rescued girl was the name of her brother.

Hannah, the maid-of-all-work, who stood at the foot of the sofa, crying and laughing alternately, was about to answer her, when the daughter of the picture-dealer interposed, fearful lest she should increase the agitation of her friend by informing her of the real state of Telbin.

"He has grieved much at your absence," she observed, "and appears mistrustful of the explanation we gave. You had better not see him now," she added, hastily, as Clara attempted to rise; "he has fallen into a profound sleep. It might disturb him."

"He is ill!" exclaimed the *danseuse*. "I am certain that he is ill; do not deceive me."

"He has been ill," said Mrs. Page, "but the worst is over now. You know, Clara, that I would not deceive you. You had better leave her," she whispered to Tom Mayfield, whose feelings, with womanly instinct, she had long since divined.

"Leave her!" repeated the young farmer—"never again!"

"Would you kill her?" remonstrated our hero, in an under-tone.

These words prevailed far more readily than entreaties or remonstrances would have done, and, imprinting a passionate kiss upon the cheeks of the suffering girl, he permitted Harold to lead him from the house.

"It beats a play all to nothink," exclaimed the maid-of-all-work, as she closed the street-door after them. "There is no knowing what we poor gals is exposed to. I'd like to catch some fine gentleman a-carrying *me* off! I'd larn him his mistake, that I would, if his skin wor a-stuffed with *dimins*."

As, to the best of our knowledge, no such attempt was ever made, we must leave our readers to imagine the nature of the process by which the strong-minded and strong-handed Hannah would have *larnt* him his mistake.

Tom's first intention was, on quitting the house, to walk up and down the street all night, like a soldier on duty, to watch over the safety of Clara, and it was not without difficulty that his friend persuaded him to forego it.

Captain Mansell, he felt certain, would renew his dastardly attempt. There were only females in the house. The dear girl would be carried off again, and he not there to protect her!

Gradually, Harold reasoned him out of his fears, and, by reminding him of the suspense his parents must be in, prevailed upon the anxious lover to return home.

"I have a sad misgiving," murmured Tom, as he wrung his hand at parting.

"And I am without the slightest uneasiness," replied our hero. "Remember, if there are only women in the house, *one of them is a widow.*

"They will not deceive Mrs. Page a second time," he added.

With which observation they separated—the speaker to Lombard street; the young farmer to the dairy at Islington.

Although the hour was so late, and Harold, now that the excitement had passed, felt terribly exhausted, he could not retire to rest without ascertaining whether Mark Chambers had taken up his usual position. Partially drawing aside the curtain, he perceived the old man at the window, gazing intently on the withered tree, and, to all outward appearance, buried in thought.

"Strange!" muttered the young man to himself; "every night the same. What can it mean? I suppose I shall find it out one day."

A few minutes afterwards, overcome by fatigue, Harold Mansell was sleeping soundly.

There is something glorious in the energy and elasticity of youth. A few hours' repose restored our hero to his lost strength, and he rose at the usual hour fresh and invigorated from sleep.

When the porter's wife brought him his breakfast, there was an air of importance, a know-something smile upon her features, which, had his mind not been occupied by the adventures of the preceding day, must have attracted his attention.

She lingered several minutes after arranging the table, in the expectation of being questioned; but, finding he took no notice of her, commenced speaking herself.

"Hem! Is there anything else, Mr. Mansell?" she began.

"Nothing, thank you."

"I hope you slept well last night, sir?"

"Oh, yes, very well. Why do you ask?"

"Nothink particular," replied the woman, hesitatingly, "that is, very particular—only I can't make it out."

"Make what out?"

"Old Mark, sir."

The ice broken, she proceeded to inform him that, shortly after banking-hours the preceding day, a man—having all the appearance of a mechanic—had called and inquired for Mr. Chambers.

"I thought he never received visitors?" interrupted the gentleman.

"More he don't, Mr. Mansell."

"Some friend, perhaps?"

"He hasn't any."

"A relative?"

The porter's wife shook her head. "Mark Chambers hadn't any relatives, leastways as she had ever heard on; besides, what should the man bring them long gimblet things and a heap of wire for?"

"Gimlets! wires!" repeated Harold, greatly interested; "can you describe them?"

"Just such things as the bell-hangers use."

Our hero understood her.

"Besides," continued the woman, "if he has the right of livin' in the rooms, which ought to be the porter's—the underground ones is very damp—he aint no right, leastways I suppose not, to pull the house to pieces."

"Pull the house to pieces?" repeated our hero, greatly astonished.

"By borin' through the walls."

On being closely questioned, she confessed, rather reluctantly, that she had crept up stairs, and peeped through the key-hole of Mark's door—not that she was curious; her worst enemies, thank goodness, couldn't say that on her—and seen the man boring through the window-sill, right down into the wall.

"Which window?" demanded her hearer, becoming every instant more interested; "can you point it out to me from here?"

"That's it, Mr. Mansell."

The porter's wife pointed to the one directly over the only entrance into the little enclosed court-yard, the very same at which Mark Chambers night after night took his station to watch.

"What can be his motive?" exclaimed Harold, involuntarily.

"Goodness knows, sir; thank Heaven, I don't. Perhaps it is to rob the bank."

"I think I may quit him of any intention of that kind," observed the gentleman, with a smile. "Sir Jasper has every confidence in his honesty."

"Has he, though?"

The tone of the woman expressed more pity at the baronet's simplicity and blindness than surprise.

"And so have I."

"Doubtless you know best, sir," she answered, demurely. "I have only done my duty in telling you. There aint nothink deceitful nor underhanded, thank Heaven, about my husband or me."

"My uncle, I have no doubt, will recompense you for your fidelity," replied our hero; "meanwhile, not a word to any one about what you have seen."

"Not a *synnable*, sir."

As soon as Sir Jasper arrived, his nephew informed him of the discovery made by the porter's wife, and what he had himself observed—Mark's nightly watch at the window.

The baronet appeared intensely interested.

Harold next related his own adventures the preceding night with the captain.

"I am sorry," observed the banker, coolly, "for your quarrel with my son. I give no opinion upon the subject, neither shall I interfere between you. Act as you have hitherto done, and we shall continue to remain friends."

"That at least is fair and honorable," thought his nephew, as he took his usual seat at the desk; "I cannot expect him to blame his only son to me."

Could he have read what at that instant was passing in the baronet's heart, he would have come to a far different conclusion.

CHAPTER XXII.

The idle tongue, worse than the idle hand,
Oft wounds in wantonness. Let them but speak
The purest name, they leave their slime upon it.
OLD PLAY

In nine cases out of ten, mothers are far more easy to please in their sons than in their daughters-in-law. Is it because they are better judges of their own sex than of ours? If so, they judge them far less mercifully.

With all her excellent qualities, Mrs. Mayfield, we fear, was no exception to the rule. The woman that in her eyes merited to become the wife of her darling boy must have been a paragon of perfection; the excess of her affection made her unjust, and she mentally jumped to the conclusion that Tom's heart had been caught by some flighty, giddy girl—that it only required a little firmness on her part to cure him of his folly; it could not be real, downright, earnest love. No! that was impossible.

And without consulting her, too!

Had her husband opposed it as strongly as she did, the probabilities are the worthy dame would have gradually relaxed her determination on the point; but the honest old farmer, when they talked the affair over together, had hinted something about being rich enough to let the boy please himself—that all he cared for was his choosing a good and virtuous girl.

From that instant Mrs. Mayfield suspected poor Clara to be neither the one nor the other.

Instead of consulting Mrs. Page or Mrs. Haycock upon the subject, the only persons who could have informed her correctly, the angry matron started on a visit to a second cousin of her own, a Mrs. Cramp, who, since their arrival in London, had been profuse in civilities.

Her own flesh and blood of course would not deceive her, although she had three marriageable daughters of her own. She could not seek information at a better source. Mrs. Cramp had long been intimate in Princess street, and knew Clara Cleret well.

We fear the tone in which Mrs. Mayfield put her questions gave the cue to the reply she expected, if not wished, to hear.

The poor *danseuse* was described as an artful, idle girl, who got her living at the theatre—the only particle of truth in the account of her—at the best a flirt, and a hint at something worse.

The good dame—for her heart was naturally good—shook her head and sighed deeply.

"But why are you so curious respecting her?" demanded her informant.

Mrs. Cramp knew the reason almost as well as her visitor, who murmured something about her poor deluded boy.

"Not Tom? surely not Tom?" ejaculated the artful woman.

Mrs. Mayfield wiped away her tears.

"He might look higher than a dancing girl," observed her cousin.

His mother thought so too.

"Although my daughters are really accomplished," continued the speaker, "and can play and sing, I'd rather see them in their coffins than on the stage."

"I dare say it is something very horrible."

Mrs. Cramp repeated the word, and looked unutterable things.

"I never saw the inside of a theatre," observed the dame, "and never want to see it. But I did not think there was so much wickedness in dancing."

"Ah, my dear, you don't know London."

"Why, I was very fond of dancing, myself, when young."

"But not with naked shoulders and bare legs, I suppose."

"Why, you don't mean to say that the hussy——"

"I have seen her, my love," replied the charitable woman, who secretly smiled at the simplicity of her cousin; "I never judge by hearsay."

It was no wonder that Mrs. Mayfield returned home firmly resolved to hold out against all solicitations. Nothing should move her. A dancing girl! Tom must be mad!

The only reply her husband made when she had disburdened herself of the information was, that the dancing girl, as she called her, was exceedingly pretty.

The look and tone of his wife as she repeated the word "pretty" completely silenced him, and he mentally resolved to leave Tom to fight his own battle the best way he could.

The conclusion was a wise one, his lad, as he loved to call him, being by far the best combatant of the two. As the night grew late, and Tom did not return to his home, his father began to feel seriously alarmed at his absence, and, but for the recollection of Harold's being with him, he would have gone in search of him.

The dame's uneasiness was in some degree mitigated by her wrath against the innocent cause of her son's absence.

"Consent to his marrying a dancing girl! She would die first!"

As with most impulsive natures, it was a query how long or how short a time she would be able to keep her resolution. There was one great chance against it—her own warm and excellent heart.

"There he be!" exclaimed the farmer, springing joyfully from the great arm-chair, in which, for the last three hours, he had been sitting. "That be Tom's step. I'd swear to it."

"Sit thee down—sit thee down," said his wife, "and don't 'ee let the lad see how foolishly we love him; he do know it but too well already."

We suspect there was something like misgiving in her words.

"Foolishly!" repeated her husband; "why, what else have we gotten to love? and what would life be without him?"

This was a question the dame had never asked herself.

With that inconsistency which mothers will readily understand, Mrs. Mayfield no sooner saw her son enter the room than she threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. His pale features and the haggard expression of his eyes alarmed her.

"Oh, this Lunnun! this Lunnun!" she groaned.

"Thee do look mortal tired, Tom," observed his father, anxiously.

"Tired, father!" repeated the young man; "never felt fresher in my life; every fibre in my frame seems strung like iron. I have saved her; she is in safety now, with kind friends to watch over her.

"Let me not turn boaster," he added, checking his impetuous speech; "Harold helped me—his clear head did more than my arm to rescue her. We were but just in time, though. I feel happy, oh, so happy! But how is this? You appear grave; mother, you turn from me. What have I done to merit such unkindness? Speak to me!"

"In the morning, Tom, in the morning," said the old man; "dame be too tired wi' waitin' and watchin' to-night, and I be a thought knocked up myself; we bean't so young, lad, as we once wor, neither missus nor I—recollect that."

"Forgive me!" murmured the lover of Clara.

The following, or rather that same morning—for it was past midnight when he returned to Islington—Tom followed his mother, directly after breakfast, into the little parlor, where she had purposely gone, in order to have an explanation with her upon the subject nearest his heart—his love for the poor dancing girl.

The farmer came in shortly afterward. Had his consent been the only one necessary, the probabilities are that it would have been easily obtained; but the dame had been a good and excellent wife to him, and he felt bound to consult her feelings on the point of her son's marriage, if not to waive his own.

The heart of the old man melted when Tom, with far more method than might have been expected from one of his impetuous nature, related how he first became acquainted with Clara Cleret—described her position in the world, her orphan state, the outrage offered by Captain Mansell, the rescue—in short, every circumstance that truthfulness suggested. There was no shirking the question of her poverty; he admitted it freely.

"Well, missus," said his father, scratching his ear, "that be straightforrards, at any rate; thee can't deny that!"

Mrs. Mayfield guarded an ominous silence.

"You have heard me, mother?" exclaimed her son.

"Of course I have, Tom."

"Well?"

"I am glad the *young woman* is out of danger, but I really can't see what I have to say or do in the affair."

This last observation brought the point to a crisis.

"I love her," answered Tom, with quiet firmness.

"Love her?" repeated Mrs. Mayfield, indignantly; "the boy is mad. That I should live to see the day—he in love with a dancing girl—a——"

"See her," interrupted the lover, imploringly; "see her before you judge her. Cast, in childhood, an orphan upon the world—ah! you know not how cold and hard it is—she has labored to support herself and her afflicted brother. In the midst of temptation she has spurned its glittering offers, and remained pure in heart and mind—pure as yourself, dear mother. See her! See her, I entreat!"

"No!" ejaculated the dame, resolutely.

"I believe she be a good girl," observed the farmer.

"God bless you, father!" exclaimed his son, grasping his hand; "spoken like yourself—like a true-hearted, honest man."

This little burst of feeling did not tend to advance his suit with Mrs. Mayfield, who gathered strength from what she considered her husband's weakness. Her heart suffered sadly, but she determined to persevere.

"You will see her, mother?"

"No!" repeated the dame.

"Not when she is my wife?"

"She never will be, with my consent."

"In all else I would obey you," said Tom, "but the happiness of my life is concerned; my word is pledged to an innocent, confiding girl, who loves me; manhood, truthfullness, and honor, to say nothing of affection, command me to keep it, and make Clara Cleret my wife."

"Your wife!" repeated Mrs. Mayfield, angrily; "how will thee support a wife?"

Her son, like many lovers, had never asked himself the question.

His mother perceived her advantage, as she thought, and pursued it.

"*Thee father and I may work for thee and the dancing girl, I suppose?*"

"The reproof is harsh," exclaimed Tom, turning alternately exceedingly red and pale, "but just. Hitherto I have been an idler, a dreamer—thank Heaven that I awake whilst time and courage are young. I will no longer be a burden to you. Happiness is only to be purchased through independence. I can toil, mother; there must be work for honest, willing hands to do.

"When I have found it," he added, "I will ask your consent again."

Without listening to the replies which both his parents eagerly made to this impassioned speech, the poor fellow caught up his hat and rushed from the house. His pride had been stung, his affection wounded in the tenderest point.

"Tom, my son, come back—come back!" cried the dame.

It was too late—he was already beyond the sound of her voice.

"Dame, dame! thee hast driven the child God sent us from our doors," groaned Mr. Mayfield. "What be the use of riches? It wor all for him."

"I didn't mean it," sobbed the now repentant mother.

"Oh, this Lunnun, this Lunnun—would I had never seen it!"

"Amen," said the husband, heartily; "we wor happier at Lowelstree."

That same afternoon, the bank was scarcely closed before the porter informed our hero that a person was waiting to see him at the hall-door.

It was his friend Tom.

"My dear fellow!" he exclaimed, struck by the change in his appearance, for he had clothed himself in the dress of a laborer, "what is the meaning of this metamorphosis? Clara——"

"Is safe," answered the lover. "Thank Heaven that happiness is left me."

"And many others, I trust."

"Yes, your friendship."

It was evident that the poor fellow's heart was full, so Harold took him by the hand, and led him into the house.

"And now, Tom, dear Tom," he said, as soon as they were seated, "tell me what has occured."

"I have been reproached with idleness—with living on the toil of my parents," replied his friend; "and I—I am resolved to merit it no longer, but work. I know no trade," he continued; "it would have been better had I been taught one; so I must take the laborer's chance, and find employment where I can."

"You a laborer?—ridiculous!"

"I know all that you will say—all that you will offer," interrupted the lover of Clara; "else I had not come to bid you farewell. Yes, your heart is true to me," he added; "yours and an angel's! Would you believe it, she has promised, as soon as I can earn sufficient to furnish a cottage, to become my wife!"

"A cottage," said our hero, with difficulty repressing a smile, "no doubt would be a very pleasant habitation with such a companion, but believe me, it has not come to that yet; you are fit for something better. But tell me, who reproached you with idleness and dependence?"

"My mother."

As he pronounced the name, Tom Mayfield dashed aside the tears that filled his eyes.

"The mother I so loved and venerated," he added.

"There must be some fearful mistake. Why, her very life is wrapped up in you."

"I thought so once."

"And is still," replied Harold, firmly. "I can partly understand it," he added. "You asked her consent to your marriage?"

"I did."

"And she refused?"

"In the terms I repeated."

"Clara has been slandered to her; it must be that; otherwise she is too good a woman to have used such reproachful words. She might have refused her sanction, but it would have been kindly done. And now, Tom, listen to me," continued his friend. "Cast aside this absurd dress, and remain with me for a few days."

"No; impossible."

"Then, we are no longer brothers!" replied our hero, deeply moved. "You no longer feel for me as when we were boys, and shared our little treasures in common."

"You have your cousin Harry!"

"I am not about to offer you money," observed Harold.

"Promise me that, and I will remain with you."

"But my interest; you cannot object to my using that. I have friends who, I feel assured, are both willing and able to assist me. I can easily procure you a situation that will make you independent of everything, except your own exertions. You will not require it any great length of time. Your poor mother's heart, I doubt not, already repents the bitter words her passion uttered."

"Hear me," said Tom Mayfield, drawing himself up. "There was truth and justice in them; my parents have toiled whilst I have indulged in pleasure. I have been a dependent instead of a help to them. I am resolved to be so no longer. Were they reconciled to me to-morrow, the bread I eat should be of my own earning.

"To act independently," he added, "I must feel myself so. Do you blame me?"

Harold pressed his hand warmly. They perfectly understood each other.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

A FEATHER.—The largest quill of the golden eagle weighs only 65 grains, and seven such quills do not weigh more than a copper penny-piece. The feathers of a common fowl, weighing 37 ozs., weigh only 3 ozs.; and the entire plumage of an owl weighs only 1 1-2 oz.

WAITING FOR THE BOAT.

BY MARY CLEMMER AMES.

We sate and waited for the boat,
One golden afternoon in June;
For hours we waited for the boat,
And when it came, it came too soon.
We sate upon the grassy slope,
And murmuring low, talked long together,
Not of our morning's faded hope,
Nor of the scenery, nor weather.
But outward far to shoreless years,
On silvery cadence thought would float;
Our last, faint farewells starred with tears,
The while we waited for the boat.

We sate and waited for the boat;
The river, with a tender play,
Half coy, half eagerly would float
To the embraces of the bay,
Whose mightier being moaning lay;
Whose deeper heart, with wilder motion,
Throbbed on the tidal soul whose sway
Swept through it from the yearning ocean.

We sate and waited for the boat,
Nor thought of river, bay or ocean;
The sad words dying in the throat;
Each silent soul's suppressed emotion
Was but the surface grief that broke
Above our being's soundless ocean.

We sate and waited for the boat;
It floated down the silent river,
And with the boatman's warning note,
It tore you from my life forever.
The cruel boat sailed down the river,
Away through the sunny summer weather,
Bereaved on the forsaken strand,
I watched you leave my life forever,
One left, we could not go together!

Alone, I wait another boat,
And still 'tis sunny summer weather;
The shimmering sails of shadows float
Across the purple hills of heather;
Under their shadow runs the river,
Flecked all over with fickle sails
Of summer barques which race together,
Or doze and dream with the sleeping gales.

The summer barques are gaily laden,
All sailing on to the summer main;
Laden with lover, laden with maiden,
Sailing and singing nor dreaming of pain.
They sing and sail, dipping jewelled fingers
Into the river blushing and bare;
The rose and snow of their woven fingers
Touch in the water flushed and fair;
The dropping gold of the sunset lingers
Glinting with glory their gusty hair.

Oh, the summer barques are pleasure laden,
Laden with lover, laden with maiden,
All sailing away to the sunny main—
All sailing and singing nor dreaming of pain.
Sailing away through the summer weather
With souls so gay for they need not sever,
With souls so glad for they go together!

Alone I wait an unseen boat,
Swift sailing down a sunless river;
It strikes the shore, and the spirit note
Calling for me makes my being shiver.
I shall sail alone down this sunless river,
Away from the sunny summer weather,
I should not fear this sullen river,
Though it bore me from love and life forever,
Beloved, could we go together.

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Few persons know anything about the horrors of a beleaguered and bombarded city. We shall attempt to describe a few of the awful scenes at Vera Cruz during its investment by the American army. From the despatches of General Scott, we learn the leading features of the investment, the position and numbers of the attacking force, the opening, continuance, and close of the bombardment, the capitulation of the enemy, and our own aggregate loss; but scarcely more of the real scenes of destruction, desolation, carnage, suffering and misery of the inhabitants of the unfortunate town, than if our balls and bombs had battered against a mountain of rock.

On the 22d of March, 1847, at two o'clock in the afternoon, General Scott, being all prepared for offensive action, formally demanded the surrender of the town within the short space of two hours. The answer being a firm refusal, the deep stillness was broken at precisely four o'clock by the loud roar of a mortar. A shell rose, and seemed to hover over the ill-fated city, and then, descending rapidly, burst in the Plaza de Armas, killing four men and wounding three. The contest had begun—the hour of doom and wo unutterable was at hand.

It is not our purpose to give a general description of the fight, but only of such of the scenes which followed as will serve to convey to the mind a shadowy picture of the awful whole. From the moment when the first shell burst in the Plaza de Armas, at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 22d of March, for four days and four nights—horrid days and sleepless nights to the wretched inhabitants shut up in that beleaguered town—a cordon of artillery, on sea and land, continually belched forth its tongues of flame, made the whole earth for miles around tremble with its thunderous roar, and sent its thousands of destructive missiles into the very heart of the devoted City of the True Cross. Let us enter within the walls of that fated place, and look upon the work of the grim King of Terrors, as he rides triumphant upon the hurtling ball, the crashing bomb, and the fiery rocket.

Night draws on apace, and darkness settles over the gloomy city. Flashes here and there reveal the active batteries, whose awful thunders shake the earth. The dark vault above is seamed with concentric, fiery lines, which show the course of the destructive bombs, and fearful crashes here and there, succeeded by human shrieks and groans, tell where they fall. No place is safe from these terrible agents of death—neither church nor convent, public hall nor private dwelling.

In the surgical hospital of the Convent of Santo Domingo was a crowd of pale-faced, hollow-eyed patients, some shrieking with pain, some gasping for breath, and some insensible to all earthly things. They had recently been brought in wounded—some slightly, some terribly—and fair nuns were in attendance upon some, and solemn priests upon others, and the surgeons and their assistants were busy with their fearful implements of science. Near the centre of the room, a poor fellow was stretched upon a table, under the torture of amputation, and two men were holding him, and two holding lights, and the bloody scalpel of the fifth was rapidly doing its work. Suddenly there was an awful crash, a terrible explosion, the lights were extinguished, and the apartment was filled with an almost suffocating vapor. New shrieks and new groans arose, and terror reigned supreme. Another party from another apartment came rushing in with lights, and lo! the patient and his surgeon and one of the attendants were torn to pieces, and three other attendants, a priest and a nun, were stretched upon the floor, mangled and dying. A shell had fallen through the roof, and burst in their midst.

An officer in the prime of life was bending over a pale, lovely woman, lying upon a bed in a darkened room. The incessant thunders of the encircling batteries shook her physical frame and filled her mind with terror.

"Oh, husband, my dear Bernardo, you will not leave me again?" she said.

"At least, my sweet Teresa, I will endeavor to be back soon."

"Oh, Bernardo, do not go! I feel that our next parting will be final."

"My honor! my duty!" replied the agitated husband, pressing his lips most fondly to hers. "Oh, my sweet Teresa, remember, the foreign invader is at our doors, and Mexico calls upon her every son to raise his arm in her defence! The Holy Virgin save us! Would to God we had lived in more peaceful times! But tell me, dearest—you are better, are you not?"

"I would be, my dear husband, if I could have quiet and peace; but this awful thunder of cannon and crashing of bombs, and the strange, wild cries I sometimes hear from the street, give me little or no rest. But tell me—what of the battle?"

"Alas, Teresa, I fear we have little to hope."

"Then why not surrender and save this carnage—this fearful destruction of life and property?"

"Never!" said the officer, drawing himself up with pride; "rather let us have a funeral pyre and all perish together!"

"Oh, if we could only die together, my dear Bernardo, it would be so sweet! Often and often I pray it may be so."

"We will rather hope to live together yet awhile, my sweet little wife. But I must go—one kiss more."

It was the last. While yet the lips of the devoted husband were pressed to those of the being he loved above all others on earth, there came a crash, and the head of the wife was borne away by a cannon ball, leaving him untouched. For a minute he stood paralyzed with horror; and then, with a shriek, he rushed madly from his dwelling, shouting, "Vengeance, oh, God!" He was subsequently shot from his horse, and instantly killed, while in the act of conveying an order from his superior.

Two soldiers were carrying a wounded comrade along the street to the surgical hospital, when a shell dislodged the masonry of a large building beside them, and the three were crushed and buried under the rubbish.

In the redoubt at Santiago, where a number of artillery-men were hard at work, a bomb exploded and blew up the magazine, killing every man except the sergeant in command.

Besides the disaster already mentioned at the Convent of Santa Domingo, it was subsequently set on fire in different places; and while the police and troops were engaged in extinguishing the flames, the shells, which fell constantly among them, killed ten and wounded as many more.

A bomb came crashing through the roof of a church, killing a priest at the altar, and several persons of both sexes who were kneeling around.

In the female hospital, seventeen of the inmates were suddenly hurried into eternity by the explosion of a shell in their midst.

A woman passing into the street, with a child at her breast, was struck on the head by a rebounding ball. She instantly fell dead, still holding the poor little infant tightly clasped in her now gory arms.

A man, his wife and two children, who had taken refuge in a vault in his garden, were buried alive by a heavy missile so injuring the masonry about the door that it was impossible for them to open it. They were afterward found dead, locked in each other's arms, smothered without a wound.

We read in Scripture of an awful day of wo, during which "Two women shall be grinding at the mill, and one shall be taken and the other left." It was so in the beleaguered city of Vera Cruz. Husbands were killed in the presence of their wives—wives were cut down beside their husbands. Parents were made childless in a single moment—children of all ages were suddenly left orphans. Dwellings were burned or hurled to ruins, and thousands who had been in comfortable circumstances till now, were compelled to wander through the streets as homeless beggars.

And as the work of destruction went on, those same streets presented an awful sight. Here a building would come crashing down, perhaps killing or wounding some unfortunate passers, and totally blocking up the way; there the angry flames of another, fanned by a violent norther, would roar with fury, light up the scene with a ghastly glare, and threaten destruction to all. Thousands were abroad, of both sexes and all ages; and shrieks, groans, and lamentations, mingling with the shaking thunders of the encircling batteries, the bursting bombs and crumbling buildings, completed a scene of confusion, din and horror to which no description can do justice.

Provisions were now becoming scarce, and many were suffering from hunger. Most of the bakeries had been destroyed, and there was no bread for any. Little children, whose fathers and mothers had been killed, were running with terror from one place to another, crying as if their little hearts would break, and piteously begging for protection and food of all they met. Pale, almost frantic females, of high and low degree, were seen beside the bloody and mangled corses of fathers, husbands and brothers, wringing their hands in the wildest grief—or hurriedly stanching the blood and binding up the wounds of others still living—or running to and fro, carrying little bundles, or little children, in their arms—or leading some frightened group, and vainly seeking some safe asylum, some place of refuge from the surrounding horrors. Here some bloody object would lay neglected, with a scattered brain; there one would be crawling along, and moaning from the loss of a leg, or a wound from which he was actually dying. Litters were constantly moving through the almost impassible streets, some bearing the wounded, some the dying, and some the dead which had expired on the way. Officers dashed along, carrying orders and bringing intelligence, and squads of soldiers and groups of policemen were hurrying from point to point. And still the thunders of destruction went steadily on from the batteries on the land and the batteries on the sea, and still Ulúa, Santiago, San José, San Fernando, and Santa Barbara returned the fire, and still the stubborn Commandante General and his council of officers refused to surrender.

Let the mind picture this terrible scene, continuing almost without interruption for four days and four nights, with buildings falling, houses burning, and part of the time with a fierce norther blowing; men, women and children being everywhere mangled; with no retreat, no place of safety; provisions becoming so scarce that many felt the pangs of starvation; with no domestic fires lighted, with no moments of peaceful friendship for any; old and young, male and female, rich and poor, alike involved in one common ruin; the dead unburied; the sick in many cases unattended, and the wounded uncared for; property ruined, homes desolated, loving ties sundered by death; with no future to count on, and no hope in that future; with a bloody chaos reigning around, and the roaring and crashing thunders as of a ruined world: let the mind picture all this destruction, desolation, horror and human agony, with a thousand ramifications and intricate details, and some feeble and faint idea may be formed of the bombardment of Vera Cruz.

At last, when human nature could bear no more, the signal was given for a cessation of hostilities, and every battery ceased as if by magic, and the stillness which ensued seemed in comparison like the stillness of death. Negotiations commenced between the opposing generals, capitulation followed, and the American army, with drums beating and colors flying, marched in with the proud step of conquerors; and soon from every fort, battlement and tower, the flag of freedom, our own glorious star-spangled banner, was flung to the breeze. The hitherto supposed impregnable City of the True Cross had fallen—an ever conquering army was within its walls.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.----No. 91.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

Do you think, Mr. Bonner, that we like handsome people more than homely ones? I do not mean whether beauty is attractive, whether we are apt to become fascinated with grace and beauty, united, but whether beauty has any effect upon our *feelings*, as distinguished from our taste?

It is all folly to pretend that we do not *like* beauty, that we are not at first attracted to personal looks. But are we not apt, in the regular course of life, to feel the discrepancy between looks and conduct, if it exist, more in the case of handsome people? When we *live* with people, see them hour by hour, every day, notice the play of their affections, the delicacy of sentiment, or the want of it, their generosity, kindness, obligingness, their wish and power of making people happy, by ways which also make them good, we at length see their exterior in the light of their interior. People's faces at length look like what we think their disposition is. The principle of association acts with singularly transforming power in this instance.

If we observe our own experiences, we shall see that natural objects by no means present themselves to us, as they are reported to our senses and tastes, by their physical appearances. Our feelings, our likes or repulsions, color natural objects. A nettle is quite as handsome as many plants which we favor, yet it is *homely* to us from our knowledge of its disagreeable properties. The dog-fennel is quite as beautiful as many of the cultivated kinds of asters, but, from association, we turn from it as a thing most unlovely. A thistle is certainly a noble and striking vegetable, worthy of admiration which it seldom receives. Our first impulse is to strike it down. Its stately beauty suggests to us nothing agreeable. On the other hand, nothing is more pleasing, or with so little that is attractive in form or physical attribute, as mignionette. Its sweet odor has made its very homeliness beautiful. It is thus that we transfer to the exterior of things the impressions which we derive from their qualities, good and bad. It is often difficult to analyze our impressions of beauty or ugliness, and to separate the merely physical from the mental.

The same tendency acts with even more power in regard to *persons*. We see in their face and form, not so much symmetry, proportion, complexion, feature, as disposition. And disposition makes homely people handsome, and handsome people ugly. When we have proved persons' temper, and know it to be mild, their conscience just, their thoughts wise, their feelings humane and gentle, their love true and constant, we cannot see in their face any other than the reflection of these qualities. Some of the handsomest faces we ever met, have, by a reverse method, become almost unendurable.

All this, thus far, has not taken into account the transforming power which the feelings have upon the features. Strong and continuous dispositions mould the face, or strike their colors through it. So that, aside from *association*, there is often real beauty in a homely face, when feeling kindles it. Indeed, the evanescent beauty of moments is, sometimes, on faces framed to homeliness, like a sunset after a cold, gray day.

But only then do we know that beauty, and feel its divine influence, when the form and features are framed to elegance and harmony, when the nobleness of a great heart has given to them a subtle quality of expression, and when association, founded upon long experience, also throws over the countenance our own feelings and enthusiasms, so that we see not only what there *is*, but, also, we suppose it, with the glow of our own hearts.

Such beauty neither dies nor diminishes. It is not the accident of youth. It glows upon age. It intimates to us something of the beauty of immortality, and dignifies human admiration with something of a divine sacredness.

FALSE EULOGIES OF THE DEAD.

I have just been reading an obituary notice of a public man; one of those magnetic persons whose social qualities are in high request, and yet a man quite oblivious to the claims of common honesty, who used all his wonderful powers, first and mainly to further his own selfish ambitions, and died at last, as all such men do die, with only the retributive ashes of the Dead Sea apple, Fame, in his rigid fingers. Now, can anybody tell me why dishonesty, in an obscure man, is "lavishness" or "generosity" in a celebrated man? Why he should be canonized as a "patriot," the measure of whose patriotism was his own political advancement? Why he should be called a "gentleman," to whom the just claims of his tradesmen's families was a matter of perfect indifference? Why he should be called a fond husband and father, who left needlessly to wife and children only the legacy of unpaid debts? I object, in toto, to the practice of either slurring over the vices of great men, or baptizing them into the family of the virtues. Why not tell the truth? What is biography, thus muzzled, good for, to the earnest reader of any period or history? By so much as a man's position is an elevated one, by just so much is he called upon to elevate his moral nature, and by just so much should he be held to a stricter account for his departures from that line of rectitude which no honorable man permits himself to overstep. If such a man degrades himself by habitual drunkenness, or systematically defrauds his creditors, why should fulsome laudations be uttered over his grave by those who *know* these things to be true? Or why pompously quote his *vinous* patriotic flights? If such false eulogies are to be uttered over the dead, parents and teachers may as well cease their teachings in favor of morality and honesty. One such false laudation will obliterate your exhortations as effectually as the waves wash away the last footprint. The young people of the present day are not to be thus hoodwinked.

FANNY FERN.

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INDUSTRY.—"If you ask me," says Zimmerman, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No, I shall say indolence. Who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity."

* * *

CHILDREN.—When we want children in the way, they are always somewhere else; and when we want them somewhere else, they are always in the way. Many a good kiss has been nipped in the bud by a four-year-old nuisance bringing a light into the room.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

BURLINGTON.—We have read the article in the Encyclopedia Britannica on Steam Navigation, referred to by you, and still claim John Fitch as the inventor of the steamboat. Not that John Fitch was the first man who conceived the idea of propelling vessels by steam, because that idea was both conceived and experimented upon more than two centuries before John Fitch was born. But Fitch was, most assuredly, the man who first constructed a steamboat that answered the purpose of a steamboat. The newspapers of Philadelphia published in the summer of 1790, teem with evidence that John Fitch's steamboat ran regularly on the Delaware as a passenger and excursion boat, from June to September. The first advertisement, dated June 14th, 1790, published in the Pennsylvania Packet, reads as follows: "The STEAMBOAT is now ready to take passengers, and is intended to set off from Arch street ferry, in Philadelphia, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, for Burlington, Bristol, Bordentown and Trenton, to return on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Price for passengers, 2*s*. 6*d*. to Burlington and Bristol, 3*s*. 9*d*. to Bordentown, 5*s*. to Trenton." Similar advertisements appeared all the summer, and many paragraphs describing the successful voyages of the vessel. The steamboat made at least thirty-one trips, which amounted to 1380 miles. The only reason why Fitch did not continue his labors, and bring his steamboat to such perfection as to make it pay, was that his backers would not advance him any more money. With one rich and liberal patron, he would have had successful steamboats on the Mississippi fifteen years before Fulton made his first trip up the Hudson. It was all in his head; he only wanted a little more money.

REFORMER.—The long and short of your communication appears to be, that you are now earning an honest livelihood as a mechanic, but finding that to be rather slow work, you wish somebody to send you to school and make a half-educated clergyman of you. You say: "I am a young man past twenty-two, and for the last two years there has been a something troubling me very much. It haunts me at my work, and wherever I am. It appears to be an irresistible power. 'Come, come,' it says; and accompanying it are bright visions of sunny lands and great happiness for me. But what is to be done? It almost distracts me at times. I have tried to solve the mystery, but there is only one remedy that presents itself, and that is to quit my trade and go into preaching or some other higher sphere of reform." Mr. Reformer, this sounds to us very much like arrant humbug.

BOY.—You boys ask hard questions. No man knows, or will ever know, "the exact number of kinds of living creatures in the whole world." Leaving out the animalcula, which are beyond counting, naturalists compute the number of species at about 153,000. Six thousand varieties of stuffed birds are said to be in the Berlin Museum, and this collection, it is claimed, contains one specimen of every species of bird that has been discovered. There are supposed to be about the same number of kinds of fish, not including shellfish, of which there are ten thousand species. The reptiles number 1500, and the sucking animals 1700. The most numerous class of creatures is that to which insects belong, and which includes the insects of land and water. Of these there are 120,000 varieties. So, you see, leaving out the insects, the number of species is not very great.

JONES.—The sentence, "They presented him with the freedom of the city," has no real meaning in the United States, because here every one but an unnaturalized foreigner who chooses to reside in a city enjoys what was formerly called "the freedom" of it; i. e., the right to carry on business in it, and vote for the officers of the municipal government. In former times, no man could open a store in a city, or even exercise a trade without acquiring the "freedom" of the city, either by birth, by apprenticeship, by purchase or by gift. It was common, then, for the authorities to compliment distinguished persons by presenting them with the freedom of the city, and to enhance the force of the compliment, the document was sometimes enclosed in a gold box.

MARY wants to know if a woman can love the second lover as well as she did the first. We are informed by several ladies that a woman *can* love a second lover as well as she did the first, but *differently*; "with more judgment and reason mingled with the later love," they say. But we are inclined to think that all women are not alike in regard to this matter, any more than they are in regard to other affairs. Besides, a great deal depends upon the nature of the first affection, and the manner in which it is reciprocated. If a woman's first love is given to a man who perfectly satisfies her heart, no second love will be likely to equal it; but otherwise, the second love may exceed the first.

TEACHER.—The authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews is a point in dispute among theologians; some claiming it for St. Luke, and more for St. Paul. The preponderance of testimony is decidedly in favor of the latter. The epistle is written in the Pauline style, and abounds in sentiments known to be peculiarly those of St. Paul. The great argument of those who assign the authorship to St. Luke and others, is, that the name of St. Paul is suppressed in this work, whereas the known writings of that apostle all bear his name. In our translation, it is true, the work is called "The Epistle of Paul to the Hebrews;" but this heading is not a part of the original text.

CALVIN.—The libraries of the United States are, in one sense, "insignificant;" that is, they are small compared with the great libraries of Europe. There are in Europe twenty-seven libraries that contain more than 150,000 volumes each; whereas, we have not one of that magnitude, and only one two-thirds as large. But, then, if our libraries are not large, they are both numerous and well used. We can boast of not less than 12,000 libraries, nearly all of which are accessible to the public at a small annual charge, or are entirely free. There is scarcely a town of a thousand inhabitants that has not some kind of a public library.

T. L. P.—It is pretty safe to disbelieve *vague* charges against public men. There are large numbers of persons who have an interest, or think they have, in lessening the confidence of the public in their servants. When a man brings a specific accusation against another, it may be well to consider it. But a charge that is vague and general can neither be refuted nor denied, and ought not to be entertained. As a general rule, persons holding conspicuous positions are better than they are thought. Or, to speak more correctly, popular men are not as good as they are supposed to be, and unpopular men not as bad.

A YOUNG TYPO has had a falling out with a lady friend, who by her looks, when she meets him in the street, seems to signify a desire for a renewal of the acquaintance. He also wishes it, but is fearful of offending the young lady. Our advice is, that you put your pride in your pocket, accost, woo and win the young lady, and "*live happy ever after*," as the old story tellers have it.

ADVICE.—You are a young man of nineteen, in love with a girl, of whose family your father credits evil, and you think, groundless reports, and insists on your marrying a girl of his choice. You are certainly under no obligation to do the latter; but being so young, you may well defer precipitating matters with the lady you love, and wait to see if your father will not relent.

ELENORA.—"How should a lady treat a young man who invites her to ride, and then takes another lady instead, without any apology, and does not call again on the first lady for a year from that time?" We should not think any lady need be told to refuse to see such a "gentleman" when he calls, after that exploit.

LENGILIFE.—This correspondent asks why the last letter of the alphabet should be pronounced *Zed* in Great Britain and *Ze* in the United States. We have meditated on this question, and looked into various dictionaries, but are obliged to confess that we can get no light on it whatever. Webster says it must be pronounced *Ze*.

WIDE AWAKE.—When a young lady promises to think of and reply to an offer of marriage, and then does nothing about it, we should think the only thing to be done was to leave her to herself; and that is probably just what she wished.

L. A. L. is "anxious to know" if a lady should ask her lover when he is coming again, or let him voluntarily tell her when he is coming. We believe the latter is usually done; though in a case like this, we should think ceremony on such a point would be unnecessary.

B. H. B.—We have not of late seen a copy of the paper to which you refer. Beware of all travelling agents who solicit subscriptions for new papers about which you know nothing.

P. O. S.—Whether or not a marriage ring should have the gentleman's initials on it, is a matter of taste; some have the initials of both parties, with the date of the engagement.

INQUIRER.—The error was typographical. Candidates for admission into West Point must have completed their sixteenth year.

TUTOR.—K. B. means Knight of the Bath; K. G., Knight of the Garter; K. P., Knight of St. Patrick; K. T., Knight of the Thistle; Kt., Knight.

SHERMAN.—We do not see as you have any reason to wonder at the "cry for cotton" set up by the English. It is the most natural thing in the world. The jennies and looms of Manchester are getting hungry, and the English Merchants and Manufacturers are devising ways and means to feed them. In default of the usual import of cotton from the United States, they propose to procure as much as possible of the great staple from Egypt, India, Jamaica and Australia, and to take measures for securing a permanent and sufficient supply from those countries. For this purpose the Jamaica cotton tree—which is literally a perennial *tree* and not an annual *plant*—is to be cultivated assiduously in that island. It produces six hundred pounds of cotton of fair quality to the acre, while the yield in Australia is about four hundred and in India only one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds per acre. But the main hope of the English "cotton lords" is Africa, and the government and the manufacturers have sent out a joint mission to the Viceroy of Egypt with the object of stimulating the growth of the cotton plant in that country. In their letter to the Pasha they recommend that the New Orleans variety of the plant be introduced into his dominions, and express the belief that under a proper system of cultivation, Lower Egypt can supply the world with *three millions of bales of cotton* per year. It seems in the highest degree probable that although wide spread inconvenience and distress will temporarily result from the non-exportation of our Southern cotton, the ultimate event will be to release the manufacturing world from its present almost exclusive dependence upon our Southern States for this important commodity.

E. C.—The battle of Bunker Hill, though an important one, is not considered one of the "*decisive* battles of the world." A *decisive* battle, in the historical sense, is one which, had it gone otherwise than it did, would have changed the fate of a nation, or of the then known world. The Americans *lost* the battle of Bunker Hill, but that loss did not change the fate of the nation; we gained our independence nevertheless. It has been supposed that if we had lost the battle of Saratoga we would also have lost our independence, and consequently the battle of Saratoga is put down among the "fifteen *decisive* battles of the world." The other fourteen have been stated to be the battle of Marathon B. C. 490; the defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, B. C. 413; Arbela, B. C. 331; battle of the Metaurus, B. C. 207; the defeat of the Romans, under Varus, by the Germans, A. D. 9; Chalons, 451, Tours, 732; Hastings, 1066; Joan of Arc's victory at Orleans, 1429; the defect of the Spanish Armada, 1588; Blenheim, 1704; Pultowa, 1709; Valmy, 1792; Waterloo, 1815. We do not consider these the only *decisive* battles ever fought, and we suppose it would be difficult to mention any fifteen battles which would be unanimously recognized as *the* fifteen decisive ones.

MARY.—We cannot tell you who was the original author of the "Arabian Nights," because he is unknown. The collection was first translated from the Arabic and made known to Europe by Anthony Galland, a French oriental scholar. It was published in Paris in 1704 in 12 volumes 12mo., under the title of "The Thousand and One Nights. Arabian stories translated into the French." For a number of years after their first appearance these stories were considered as productions of the genius of the translator, but all doubt of their authenticity was dispelled by the finding of several original manuscript copies; and four editions of the Arabic text have been published. Critics have conjectured from the diversity of style in which they are written that they are the productions of several different writers, or that perhaps they are a mere collection of legends and tales from the different parts of the East. The fanciful are thought to have come from India, the tender and sentimental from Persia, and the lively and witty from Arabia.

AMATEUR.—Any large city of Germany furnishes abundant means of instruction in music; nor will you find any difficulty in gaining admission to the schools, provided you are able to pay the fees. But if you go to Germany without resources, with the intention of earning the money requisite for your support, as well as enough to pay your expenses as a student, you will find that you have undertaken a difficult matter. Not more than one man in a thousand could do it. It is true that living is cheap in Germany, but it is also true that wages are low and that the labor market is overstocked. To carry out your plan would require a combination of industry, tact, self-control, perseverance and moral courage, such as very few men possess. Nevertheless, you may be one of the few. All we can say is, consider the matter well and long, before you take your passage.

LUCRETIA.—The famous Chevalier Bayard *was* a real flesh-and-blood being, and not a myth, as you and your schoolmates have feared. He was the knight who was declared to be without fear and without reproach. He was born at Castle Bayard, near Grenoble, in France, in the year 1476, and after an unexampled career of kightly glory was slain by an arrow discharged from an arquebus as he was crossing the river Sesia, in 1524. The news of his death occasioned a profund sorrow throughout Christendom, and it is said that no knight then living failed to grieve over the untimely fate of the noblest member of their order.

ADA.—The beagle is not the kind of animal that you seem to suppose; it is a small species of hound, formerly much used in England for hare hunting. They were not more than ten or eleven inches high at the shoulder, and sometimes much smaller. Indeed, it is stated that Queen Elizabeth had little "singing beagles"—so called from their peculiarly musical cry—one of which could be placed in a man's glove. They were stout, compactly made, with long pendulous ears, and were remarkable for their exquisite scent and great perseverance in the chase. Although much distanced by the hare at first, the beagle was almost sure finally to overtake and capture it.

WILLIAM.—Get some good history of Rome and read it slowly and carefully, and you can obtain all the information which you desire. We can give you a comprehensive chronology, but not a lengthy dissertation on Roman history. Rome was founded B. C. 753. Kings expelled and republic formed B. C. 509. Became a monarchy by the accession of Octavianus, with the title of Augustus, B. C. 30. Divided into Eastern and Western Empires under Valentinian and Valens, A. D. 364. Fall of Western Empire by conquest of Rome by Odoacer, king of the Heruli, A. D. 476. Fall of Eastern Empire by the capture of Constantinople by Turks, A. D. 1453.

OSWALD.—The best reason we can give why Cortez did not arm his soldiers with bayonets is, that in his day the bayonet was unknown. It was not invented till the latter part of the seventeenth century; it takes its name from Bayonne, a city in France, where it was first made. Prior to its invention, soldiers sometimes stuck their daggers or swords into the muzzles of their guns, and fought with them thus; and it was probably this expedient which, suggesting the utility of a fixed cutting or thrusting weapon at the end of a musket, led to the introduction of the bayonet.

X. Y. Z.—Henry II. was the first of the Plantagenet Kings of England, and Richard III., who was defeated and slain on Bosworth Field, was the last, the houses of Lancaster and York being branches of the house of Plantagenet. The appellation plantagenet is said to have been applied to Fulk, Count of Anjou, the progenitor of the race, from his being scourged with broom twigs while on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, as an atonement for some crime, from which he took the sur-name plantagenet, or broom-stalk, which was retained by his posterity.

UNION.—We have before mentioned, that all the old Spanish coin has in it a certain proportion of gold, which is extracted from it at our mint whenever that coin is converted into money of the United States. At the Philadelphia mint we were once shown a mass of gold worth four thousand dollars, all of which had been separated from old silver Spanish coin. It is, therefore, probable, that the yellowish tinge in your ancient dollar may be owing to the presence of gold.

ELLA.—It is thought by many, as you say, that the nine numerals now in use originated with the Saracens, but antiquarian researches have shown that they were borrowed by the Arabs from the Hindoos. They were introduced into Europe at an early period, but did not come into general use until after the invention of printing. So late as the sixteenth century accounts were kept in Roman numerals.

INQUIRY.—Your collection of stones will have neither value nor interest unless you first make yourself acquainted with geology and mineralogy. Study the best treatises upon those subjects, and make your collection as you go on. There are no subjects more interesting or more instructive.

MARIA.—Your question is a puzzler. The ancient Greeks and Romans were in the habit of sweetening their food with honey, but we have no reason to suppose that they were acquainted with sugar. Sugar was unknown in Europe until the time of the Crusades, and is supposed to have been invented by the Arabs.

YALE.—The celebrated definition of History—"Philosophy teaching by example"—is Lord Bolingbroke's. It occurs in his first Letter upon the Study of History.

MOTHER.—Club foot is easily, quickly, and safely cured by cutting the contracted tendon. Take the child to a good surgeon, and you need not fear the result.

REX.—Is it proper to give a ring to a young lady to whom you are not engaged? We think it is not.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*